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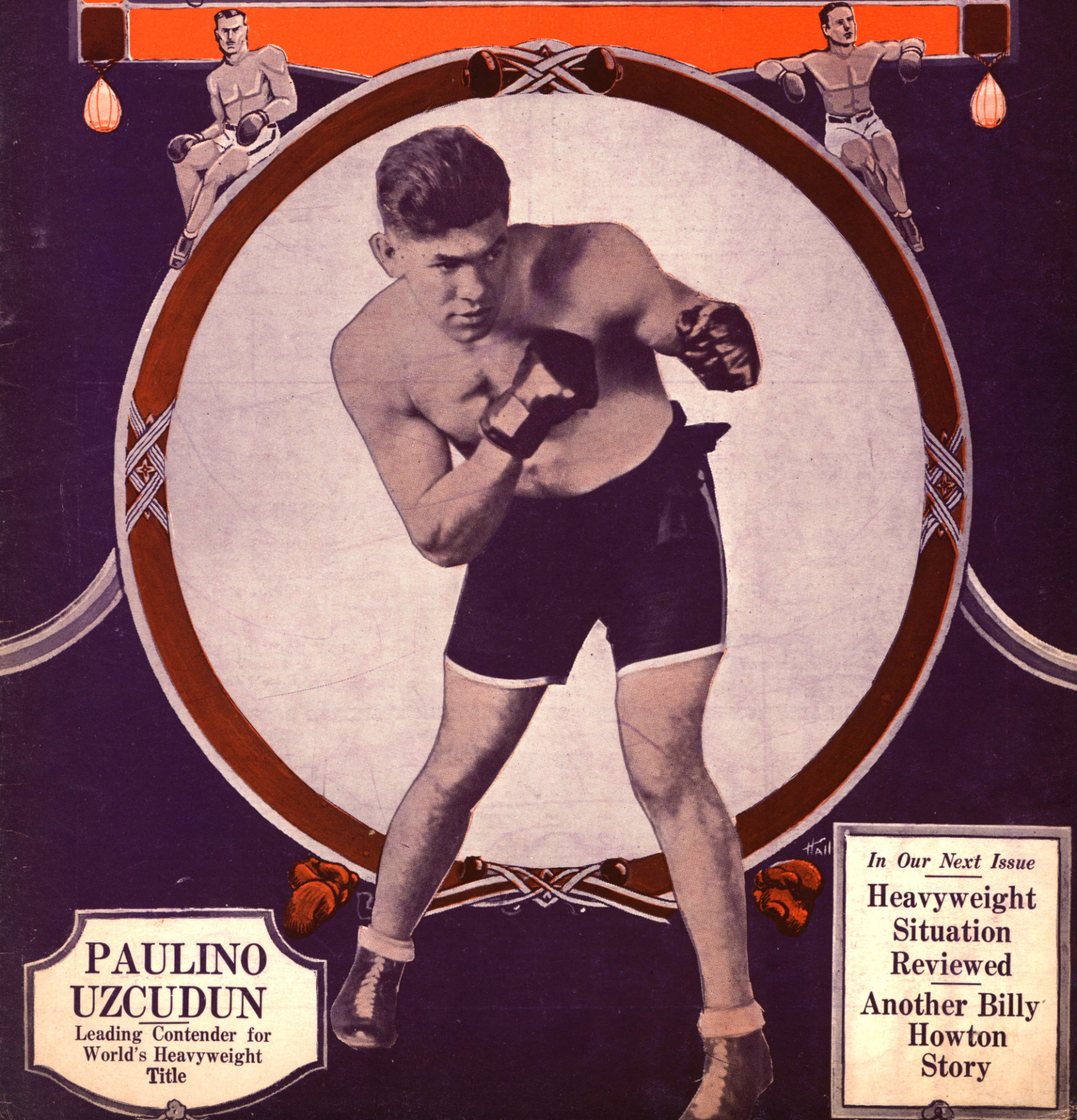

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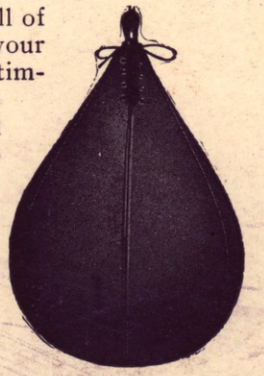

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BLACK LEATHER

Sharkey-Stribling Contest, Heavyweight Barometer

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

WITH "Tex" Rickard gone, the fistic world now turns its attention to Jack Dempsey and the future of the heavyweight division. With the king of promoters no longer at the helm, what are the prospects for success of the heavyweight elimination tournament which he had planned?

Analysis of the situation seems to indicate that success rests largely on the men of the Miami Beach fight. A good, spectacular, thrilling battle by Stribling and Sharkey, a knockout of either, means success. A contest without any stirring interest forecasts failure and a new start with Max Schmeling as the nucleus.

Jack Dempsey may yet adhere to Rickard's schedule. He may return, but if he does, it will only be because he figures the finalist in the series of bouts the Garden management will arrange, does not measure up to the standard of Gene Tunney. In other words, I feel that if Dempsey realizes he will have a fine chance to come through triumphantly, the lure of $750,000, the least he would get, will bring him back.

Then again, Dempsey has turned business man. No longer is he guided by what others think. He thinks for himself and with his pal, Rickard, gone, he feels he owes no obligation to the Garden Corporation. Through his Western pal, Floyd Fitzsimmons, he has gathered the necessary data for the leasing of the Polo Grounds and other incidental expenses for staging a heavyweight championship bout, this, with a view to acting as his own promoter if he decides on a come-back. If he does decide to don the mitts again, my prediction is that the Madison Square Garden officials will be the promoters with Dempsey as a partner in the venture on a fifty-fifty basis on all profits after he receives his $750,000 guarantee.

* * *

RICKARD in his ranking of fighters for 1928, placed Sharkey and Stribling as the leading contenders, hence if his judgment was correct, and they fight as they are capable, then the Miami battle should be one of the outstanding contests of the year. If this be the case, then it should lead to a most profitable year for heavyweight bouts. If Sharkey and Stribling live up to Tex's expectations, this battle should stand out in bold relief.

But will they? That's the rub. Sharkey had his chance when he fought Dempsey, but he flopped in this test and lost a chance at the heavyweight crown. Only recently, after a long layoff, he tackled Arthur De Kuh in Boston, and for six of the ten rounds, Jack failed to impress against this second rater. In the final four, however, he showed flashes of his best form. He gave a fine exhibition of cleverness and hard hitting.

Still later he fought K. O. Christner in the Garden in New York, and against the man who settled Knute Hanson as a championship contender, Sharkey proved he will be a hard man to beat this year. That contest and the fact that he has fought better men than has Stribling, should stand him in favor against the Georgia Peach.

Sharkey in his bout with Christner gave a wonderful display of fistic science and cool-headedness and hitting ability. Never has the Bostonian been in better form than on this occasion. He was Jack Sharkey at his best. If there are any better heavyweights in the field than the Jack Sharkey who beat K. O. Christner—and beat him he did—I would like to see them. The Sharkey who won that Garden bout is superior to any man seeking the crown Gene Tunney vacated.

* * *

AS for Stribling, while all the contenders spent months of idleness, he fought as often a twice a week almost with regularity. True all his opponents were third rate setups, most of whom were knocked off in a jiffy, yet these bouts have kept the Georgian in trim.

Stribling during the past year has developed considerably. He is a greater hitter than he ever was, has gained in cleverness and has learned to fear no one. There was a time when Stribling, facing a top notcher, was scared stiff. Not so, now, however. He is a real fighter, make no mistake about that.

Strange as it may seem, the general interest in the Miami battle rested on the chance of Sharkey. The public, with the exception of the Georgians and other points near Stribling's home state, feel that Sharkey's future is brighter than that of his opponent, and sentiment favors him. He is a more colorful fighter than the Southerner.

* * *

SHARKEY'S record is not as colorful as that of his opponent, who up to the time of this writing, has scored 114 knockouts, but it must be remembered, as above remarked, that Stribling has fought many of the bush-league type, the push-over variety. His last bout was with a fourth rater, Ralph Smith, movie picture and comedy actor, in the third round.

The Miami winner clashes with the winner of the Heeney-Paulino fight for a chance at Dempsey if the erstwhile Manassa Mauler contemplates a come-back. If Stribling wins, he will automatically become the leading fighter among the heavies.

Sharkey made a rather poor showing against Huffman, a Californian who never amounted to much. This fight in the Garden three years ago was Sharkey's most important venture up to that time. For his poor showing he was called on the carpet by the Boxing Commission but insisted he had done his best and that he was being overrated by the boxing scribes. With this, William Muldoon refused to agree, for he predicted big things for Sharkey and Sharkey has made good.

Sharkey gained his first step in the direction of national recognition when he beat George Godfrey, the giant negro, in Boston, and followed that by beating Harry Wills on a foul. It must be remembered that at the time Wills was regarded as the Black Menace, the man whom Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney had ducked. Had Sharkey not been fouled, he would have knocked out the negro.

That bout placed Sharkey in the limelight, and in the summer of 1927 he came through with a one round knockout of Jim Maloney at the Yankee Stadium, that made Sharkey look like a world beater.

* * *

IT seemed then that he had earned a battle with Tunney, but Rickard induced Dempsey to come out of retirement and forced Sharkey to fight Dempsey for the right to meet Tunney. The result is ring history.

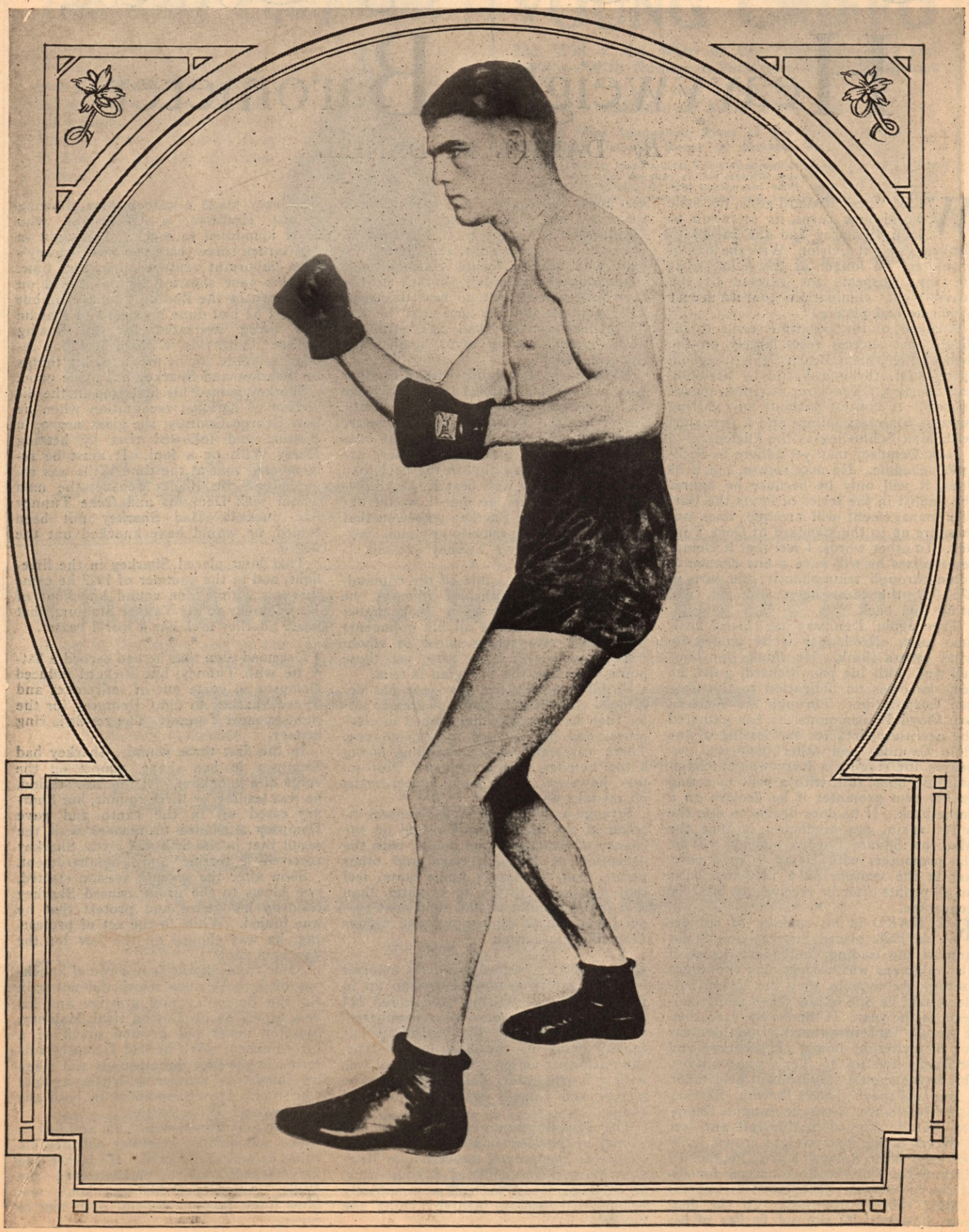
In the first three rounds, Sharkey had Dempsey in bad shape, almost on the verge of a knockout. At the fifth session, he was leading by three rounds, but Sharkey eased up in the canto and gave Dempsey a chance to recover with the result that in the fifth and sixth, Sharkey received a terrific body bombardment.

Soon after the seventh session started, two blows to the groin, caused Sharkey to drop his guard and protest that he was fouled. While in the act of protesting, he was clipped on the jaw for the knockout blow.

Aside from Sharkey's one round knockout of Jack Delaney which did not gain for the Bostonian any prestige and his fiery attack on his Boston rival, Maloney, Sharkey never has created much of a furore except when he had Dempsey tottering in the first three rounds and when he fought a wonderful battle against Christner. He disappointed in both the Heeney and Risko battles.

He fought a draw with Tom and lost to Risko and did not in either enhance his value as a drawing card. He lacked the fiery attacks which characterized the Wills, Godfrey and Maloney bouts and New York fandom did not hold him in favor.

Southern Hope in Heavyweight Tourney



William Lawrence ("Young") Stribling of Macon, Georgia

Rickard Outlined Plans In Article for "The Ring"

By NAT FLEISCHER

"TEX" RICKARD and Jack Dempsey, the most colorful personalities in modern fistiana, have had their partnership broken through the intervention of the Grim Reaper. When the Almighty stopped the heart beats of the man who made of boxing a gigantic business, he not only threw gloom over the boxing world, but prevented him from carrying out the most ambitious plans since he took the helm as the world's leading boxing promoter.

With Dempsey's comeback as the pinnacle, with Dempsey's assured return to the ring as the pivot about which his 1929 plans were based, Rickard's demise breaks up a combination that would have made ring history this year. Now with "Tex" gone, the future of Dempsey as it touches on the future of the ring, seems of vital interest to all followers of pugilism.

Through close friendship with Rickard, THE RING publisher was enabled last month, following Tex's death at Miami, to give to the world the announcement of his success in bringing Jack Dempsey out of retirement, and were Rickard alive today, I could give the boxing world another exclusive, signed story by this great fistic character, entitled: "Tex Rickard's Plans Presage Greatest Fistic Year For 1929."

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, his death, coupled with the fact that publication of the full plans at this stage might seriously embarrass those who have taken the helm at Madison Square Garden, has caused me to reach the conclusion to withhold publication of what would have been the most sensational interview ever given by Rickard, an interview edited and signed by him less than two hours before he left New York for Miami Beach. This interview, the last given by Rickard, remains in my safe as the last memento of the great showman and I shall not make it public but shall use just a portion for this story.

Throughout Rickard's career as a boxing promoter, only one failure stained his efforts. Although Tex outwardly showed no sign of concern at the Tunney-Heeney fiasco, inwardly, he felt the sting. Speaking to his intimate friends, he often remarked how happy he was that Gene Tunney had decided to retire.

* * *

THE day that Rickard went over the stone proof of his RING story on the "Annual Ranking of Boxers," a boxing review appeared in one of the New York evening papers. I chanced to enter his office, just as Miss Naoma Lowensohn, his efficient secretary, who could sense every thought of her employer, handed him this paper.

Tex had just signed his name to his "Ranking of Boxers." He beamed with delight as he remarked:

"Nat, what a thrill we'll give the public with this Dempsey story! Don't forget. Give it to all the news agencies when you're ready to release it and let's broadcast it over the world. I'll bet the boys don't know what a thrill is in store for them." And little did Tex himself then realize the extent of the thrill he was to give 'his boys.'

* * *

HAVING finished with me, he opened the evening paper, turned to the sports page and there he read:

"Boxing In 1928 Saw Rickard Go Through His Biggest Flop."

That headline acted as a torch. Throwing the paper on his desk, he leaped from his chair in a fiery mood, tilted his cigar to the far corner of his mouth and pointing to the paper, he fairly shouted:

"That's a lie. Why don't they tell the truth. It wasn't my flop. It was Gene Tunney's flop. You fellers all know that, yet you keep on writing that I had a big flop. I never seed nothin' like it. I'll get even. I'll make 'em forget it."

In an effort to calm Tex, I said:

"You shouldn't mind that, Tex. Don't blame the boys. It's all good publicity. They don't write that as an attack on your ability as a promoter. Naturally you promoted the fight. Your name was closely identified with the show. If the show had been a big financial success, you'd be tickled silly to have the boys write about your success. That's the way you've got to look upon it, Tex," I concluded.

"I'll get even," he excitedly repeated. "I've always given you two exclusive stories for THE RING—one on my annual rating and the other on my plans for the new year. Well come on in the other room. I'll give you a story that will be an eye-opener. They'll never speak of my flop again after this year. I'll give 'em a thrill that'll make 'em forget the Tunney flop."

* * *

WITH that, Tex handed me his last interview on this earth, a story on his 1929 ambitions. I might call it even more than a mere ambition for Tex informed me that most of these plans already were on the verge of consummation and the rest, with the aid of his efficient matchmaker, Tom McArdle, would be clinched shortly.

The publication of this story in the daily press would have brought many columns of publicity to the Garden promoter, for in it he divulged plans for the building of two great outdoor stadiums, one in the heart of the metropolitan district, the other in Miami Beach, and the launching of a movement by him for the building of a Madison Square Garden in London.

Speaking of the arena for this section, Tex informed me that he was on the verge of consummating a deal for a huge piece of property just across the Hudson in Jersey City, not far from the Holland tubes. A stadium for 60,000 persons was his aim.

Several months ago I accompanied Tex to a site in Long Island City, just across the Queensboro Bridge, but after looking this over, he declared that the surroundings were unsightly and that the crush on the Queensboro Bridge would not benefit this site any and he gave up the idea of building there.

* * *

REFERRING to this visit, Tex in his last interview, given to me just two hours before he went to Miami where he passed away, remarked:

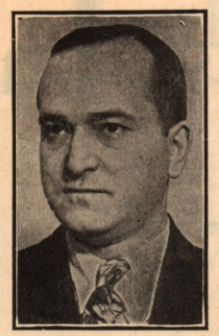
"I have completed arrangements for the use of the Yankee Stadium and will have the Polo Grounds for any fights I care to stage there. This year, however, will probably be the last in which the Garden Corporation will lease any outdoor stadium, for I have high hopes that we will shortly take over a large piece of property and build our own stadium, with a seating capacity of 60,000.

"As for the Polo Grounds, which so many writers have had me buy from Charley Stoneham, I was eager to obtain possession and did all I could to clinch the deal, but Stoneham wouldn't sell. He told me it couldn't be done.

"You can tell the world that I have determined to place before my directors the proposition to build an outdoor arena near the Hudson tubes, a site over in Jersey City that is best suited for big sports contests. I hope to have this built before the year is over."

With Tex's passing, passed also his great dream of becoming an international promoter for he had planned for a trip to Europe this year, both as a vacation and for business. Tex had me gather all available material on boxing taxes in England. His plan was to have John and Bernard Mortimer pave the way for his reception and then upon his arrival in London, launch a movement among the British nobility and wealthy sportsmen for the building of a Madison Square Garden of London. I had arranged my plans to accompany him next winter and in his party would have been two other New York sports writers.

With our interview ended, I bade Tex a happy journey just two hours before he left for Miami, never dreaming that the journey would be to the Land of Ever-Lasting Sleep."



From Old Broadway

New York News and Gossip

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

TEX RICKARD always will live in my memory as the greatest fight promoter of all time. When news trickled out of Miami Beach that "Texy" had been floored by Kid Appendicitis we prayed that he arise before the count of ten.

There never will be another Rickard: Rickards, like Jim Sullivans, come once in a lifetime. When James E. Sullivan passed on to the Great Beyond the Amateur Athletic Union lost the very foundation upon which the organization was built. Since 1915 they have not found a man to fill Big Jim's shoes.

Sullivan and Rickard were alike in their chosen vocations. Both were master minds. Each craved and loved publicity. They always manufactured good stories. Sport writers were never at a loss for material.

Sullivan was the brighter of the two. In his younger days he was a sports writer second to none. It used to take Rickard an hour or two to digest a column of type. Sullivan's handwriting was a treat for the eye, whereas "Tex" scribbled his name and he seldom wrote a letter in long hand.

Big Jim was the original publicist; always keeping the A. A. U. in the limelight. He had a heart as big as himself. He was a marvelous story teller—predicted the world war in 1912 and lived to see his prophesy come true.

Our friendship with Rickard dates back to 1915, a year before he staged the Willard-Moran heavyweight championship tilt in the old Garden, New York. If the truth were known, "Tex" was dead broke but he lived high. He didn't have a sou marquis when he registered at the Biltmore. He paraded up and down the lobby with his cane and a big black cigar between his teeth as if money were the least of his worries.

He dug up Sam McCracken to finance the fight. Despite several obstacles placed in his path by the managers of the scrappers and the management of the amphitheatre, Rickard not only surmounted them but came through with a wad that helped him pay his bills and leave him plenty with which to play around.

* * * *

RICKARD was the first promoter to make the old Garden pay. Lady Luck was with him from the time he acquired the arena until he got the 600 millionaires to build him the new Garden.

All through his promotorial career he got some wonderful breaks. If he stumbled on the sidewalk he was certain to come up with a pot of gold.

SUCCESS crowned his efforts with his very first show. Thanks to Jack Kearns' advice, Rickard hired Leo P. Flynn to make his matches. The carpetbagger of fisticuffs made things hum the moment he was let loose. Johnny Dundee and Joe Welling fought the first star bout with the enactment of the Walker Law. The "gate" exceeded $50,000. Rickard was tickled pink. Flynn scored a ten strike when he matched Joe Lynch and Jack Sharkey. Although the advance sale was small a large crowd witnessed one of the greatest duels waged between little men.

From then on the Garden was a veritable gold mine. Rickard saw so much cash that he couldn't believe his eyes. But he wasn't stingy. He decided to spread most of it among the fighters. In a return match between Sharkey and Lynch he divided $20,000 between them. The day after the fight little Sharkey walked up and down Broadway waving a $10,000 check. "I'm a millionaire," shouted Jack to his friends. Sharkey was sure he would never live to see a poor day.

Flynn's matches were the talk of the country. Rickard consulted him on every bout.

Rickard's greatest asset was giving the public a break, and the politicians the well known run around. The disgraceful manner in which the Packey McFarland-Mike Gibbons bout at Brighton Beach was staged when spectators were deprived of their seats, or driven out of them by persons who couldn't show stubs for them, taught Rickard a lesson. He had nothing to do with it, but he saw enough to convince him that it doesn't pay to cheat the customers.

* * * *

SOME of the late comers to the Willard-Moran contest were dumfounded to find their seats waiting for them. Rickard laid the law down to his ushers and they obeyed him. Also, for a change, the spectators were treated civilly.

It got so pleasant that the men decided to take their wives and sweethearts to the fights. Later on the starched shirt, gallon hats and exquisite gowns were to be seen scattered in the boxes in the center of the arena.

* * * *

"Tex" Never Feared New York Politicians

RICKARD didn't fear the politicians He told them where they got off in no uncertain terms. When he wanted a favor he went to the men higher up and invariably he got what he wished. He contributed to both parties. He was very fond of Big Tim Sullivan and thought the world and all of Tammany leaders, Charles F. Murphy, and Tom Foley. The Roosevelts could have anything their hearts desired. He played them up to the skies.

He made friends of the newspaper publishers. Two of his greatest pals were Herbert Bayard Swope, of The World and Roy Howard, boss of the New York Telegram.

Rickard was cute in more ways than one. In Chicago, after he clinched the Dempsey-Tunney scrap he placed all of the Windy City publishers on a committee that had to do with the distribution of choice seats so that in case of a ticket scandal they would have to come to his rescue.

The walls of his office were littered with pictures duly inscribed with "to my friend, Tex Rickard" from men in all walks of life.

The only man who gave him an iota of help on the Dempsey-Carpentier fight was Mike Jacobs, a square shooter if there ever one lived. He put up $100,000 in cold cash to help finance the tremendous undertaking.

Jacobs came to the rescue after Charles B. Cochran, the Englishman and Bill Brady had given up the fight. Ringling put up $50,000 to help Rickard get the lease on the old Garden from the New York Life Insurance Company after "Tex" had threatened to throw out his circus and bring in the Sells-Floto outfit. Jacobs not only helped Rickard out of a terrible mess but was the man behind the gun in the big ticket sale on the streets outside the Jersey City arena.

Rickard was very fond of Jacobs. After Rickard's untimely end several members of the board of directors were for placing Jacobs in his pal's place.

If the Dempsey-Carpentier event had not gone through, Rickard would have been in a terrible hole. Jacobs' $100,000 and the advance sale were used to build the $250,000 bowl.

The gods were with Rickard because two days before the event Carpentier narrowly escaped a bad case of sunburn. "Tex" ballyhooed the uneven match into a $1,600,000 "gate." Included in the 90,000 crowd were many millionaires, society and theatrical folk.

Half an hour before the fight Rickard pleaded with Dempsey to take it easy with the Frenchman so as to give the fans a run for their money. The favor nearly cost Dempsey the title but Jack survived the trip hammer right.

AFTER Dempsey and Kearns broke, there came a story that if Carpentier had turned over his $200,000 to the Dempsey pot he could have won the fight, and that a return match would have been hatched in Europe.

Be it said in Rickard's favor he was not in on the alleged fixing. As a matter of fact, Rickard never had a hand in any crooked fight. He was a square shooter in the cauliflower racket.

* * * *

"Tex" Always Backing Inventions of Visionaries

WHILE he was a hard boiled fistic impresario, Rickard was a sucker for inventions. A year ago this March Rickard had $900,000 salted away. After he died his will showed he didn't leave so much. He'd fall for anything and any cock and bull story would be rewarded with coin of the realm. He often admitted that he was hard on his friends but that outsiders could reach his pocket-

[redacted]

the big ... stockholders, loved his baby daughter, was fond of Jimmy Walker because of his glib tongue, was daffy about the newspaper men whether they knocked or boosted him, and praised his untiring secretary Miss Naoma Lowensohn.

He didn't like the theatre, hated the movies. In more ways than one he was the lonesomest man in town. He spent the better part of his nights strolling around the outside of the Garden talking to the newsboy on the corner.

* * * *

RICKARD owned a nickname that few persons outside of some friends knew about. Out in Henrietta, Texas, they called him Dink. A week after the Toledo debacle he and Frank Flourney, who financed the Dempsey-Willard fight, paid a belated visit to that part of the country. They sported canes.

As some of the neighbors' children spotted Rickard with the walking stick they fell to the ground in gales of laughter. "Why the swell Dink old boy?" they howled in chorus. "And what's that stick for?" It got so hot for "Tex" that he had to check the cane in the hotel.

* * * *

Nobody Ever Saw "Tex" Go Back On His Word

TEX'S word was his bond. He used to guarantee the headliners and they always got paid. If he went after something he didn't care what it cost, he had to have it. He was not a flashy dresser but his bow tie was always in place. The reason he seldom took his hat off was because he had the time of his life keeping his two or three stray hairs in place.

He liked cycling not only because it brought in a big revenue but because he got a great kick out of it. Hockey meant nothing in his life but like the six-day races it showed big figures on the right side of the ledger. He wouldn't go across the street to see the smaller fighters in action. Heavyweights, however, were the apple of his eye.

[redacted]

Muldoon Great Friend of the Great Promoter

RICKARD always was with the winner. The day after James J. Braddock flattened Tuffy Griffiths, Rickard asked someone to point out to him Braddock's manager. "I say Joe Gould come in the office and make yourself at home." Braddock's pilot was greeted by way of introduction. He didn't care if he never saw Griffiths' manager again.

When Joe Lynch blew his bantam diadem, Eddie Meade couldn't get inside Rickard's sanctum sanctorum on the ninth floor of the old Garden. Rickard would have no part of the loser.

Tex wouldn't play the horses. He seldom went to the race track.

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R-3-29

Was Tommy Burns World Heavyweight Champion?

By NAT FLEISCHER

BY what line of reasoning has the Muldoon-Tunney heavyweight championship trophy committee reached the conclusion that Tommy Burns was not a world champion and therefore would not have his name inscribed on this trophy?

The decision of the committee, Bernard Gimbel, James A. Farley, Judge Jerimiah T. Mahoney, Herbert Bayward Swope and John McE. Bowman to disregard Tommy's claim to titular honors, has raised a storm in sport circles. It has brought thousands of fistic followers to the support of the French Canadian. William A. Muldoon, one of the members of this committee has no voting power on this committee, and according to his statement to the press, he urged that Burns' name be included among those of other champions.

And rightly so, for the action of the committee is without foundation and is so unfair that those who know their boxing history feel it a duty to set this committee on the right path. If the men in whose possession rests the deed of gift of this heavyweight trophy, desire to make it one worth while striving for, and are anxious to keep themselves out of international ridicule, it behooves them to listen to reason. They should study their history, repeal their edict against Tommy Burns and restore him to his place among the world's heavyweight title holders.

If they don't, the Muldoon-Tunney trophy will not be worth a plugged nickel and the committee will open itself to the charge of bias.

* * *

The Committee's Explanation

IN a talk with Bernard Gimbel, member of the committee, a high class sportsman who knows his boxing, I was informed that the reason for eliminating Burns' name from consideration for the inscription of champion on the Muldoon-Tunney trophy, was because Tommy's claim was based on his victory over Hart, who it is reported, had the title bestowed upon him by Jeffries.

This gentleman further states that the Tunney deed stipulates that no champion can give away his title and that a championship must be won and lost in the ring. Therefore, he pointed out, Hart was never champion. Hence, if Hart could not have won the title when he whipped Root, then Burns could never have won the crown. This, is why Burns' name, at least temporarily has been eliminated from consideration.

Discussing this point of boxing history with Mr. Gimbel, I called his attention to the fallacy of such reasoning. I pointed out to him that Burns did not depend on Jeffries' action in awarding the title to Hart when he beat Root, but that Burns won his spurs through the same kind of a heavyweight elimination as the New York Boxing Commission and the present trophy committee, through the late Tex Rickard, already had sanctioned.

I further called his attention to the fact that by their very act in eliminating Burns, the Committee leaves it open for a retired champion to come out of his shell ten years after he had quit the ring, and resume where he left off. This, despite the fact that public opinion long since, would have established a champion through a process of elimination.

* * *

Change Their Opinions

UNDER the ruling of this eminent trophy committee, which in my opinion cannot change history to suit its own purpose, what would happen to a fellow like Benny Leonard? Benny retired, and since his retirement three champions have been recognized.

If Benny came back now, would he be the champion or would he be a contender?

A champion who has publicly announced his retirement, is no longer a champion, whether such title holder be James J. Jeffries, Benny Leonard or Gene Tunney, if such retirement has brought on an elimination tourney from which public opinion has crowned a new title holder. William Muldoon agrees to this. He declares, as is proper, that if Tunney came back, he would be the challenger, not the champion, once public opinion awarded the crown to one of the men now striving for it.

* * *

What W. W. Naughton Said

THOSE among the old timers will recollect the great W. W. Naughton, San Francisco boxing writer who has had no peer as a chronicler of American ring history. He was a great student of fisticuffs and his writings for the Hearst papers were widely read.

He published several books on heavyweights and was recognized as an authority on the sport. When he died, I came into possession of many of his books. I also purchased several manuscripts in his own handwriting and several letters, and among them I find a most interesting document on the very point I have raised above.

None can say that Naughton did not know his boxing history from Alpha to Omega. The controversy over Burns' status was waged strongly in 1906 and Naughton was asked for his opinion. He gave it in terms that left no doubt regarding Burns' status.

* * *

NAUGHTON was a close friend of Jeffries, was a great admirer of the former Boilermaker, but did not let that stand in his way of accuracy. Naughton therefore recorded his reasons why Burns was champion. He went a step further, and when certain persons closely identi-

fied with the Jeffries-Johnson battle tried to prove for publicity purposes that Jeffries would defend his title against the negro, Naughton came forth with many stories to prove that Jeffries was merely a contender and that Johnson would defend his crown against the former title holder. He further proved by Jeffries' own statement to him that Jeffries never took seriously the award of his title to Hart.

* * *

Naughton's Proof Convincing

IMMEDIATELY following the fight, he published a Sunday story in which he called particular attention to the fact that throughout the months preceding Jeffries' attempted come-back, the sports public, the people whose opinion makes a champion, kept clamoring for a white hope to come forth to regain the championship for the white race. He points out that this in itself signified that public opinion rated Johnson the title holder.

Hence I ask, how can the Muldoon-Tunney Committee, all fine sportsmen reconcile the stand that Jeffries was the champion when he met Johnson. How can they try to impress on present day fans that he came forth after years of retirement, to defend his crown, and not a challenger for Johnson's title. How ridiculous!

For further proof of the correctness of my stand, one taken on behalf of accuracy in ring history, I herewith reproduce the exact copy of a manuscript in the handwriting of W. W. Naughton, in re the very argument now being waged because of the action of the Muldoon-Tunney Trophy Committee. If this does not make the members of the trophy committee change their minds and restore Burns to good standing, then I feel that in behalf of fair play, the trophy should be eliminated entirely. It will stand as a worthless monument without Burns' name inscribed as a champion. Here is Naughton's manuscript, dated July 17, 17, 1905, only two weeks after the Hart-Root fight:

* * *

A Great Publicity Stunt

"REGARDLESS of what was said at the ringside, or what Jeffries had done after the contest, the fact remains that Jim Jeffries did not award the heavyweight championship to Marvin Hart. Interviewed by me upon his arrival on the Coast after the battle, and queried by me on how he could give anybody a title that must be won and lost in the ring, Jeffries replied:

"'That was just a bit of publicity. I didn't give the title away to anyone. What rot to say I gave the title to Hart! It was not mine to give. The fellows who ran that show paid me $1,000 and expenses and told me they would use my name for publicity purposes to boost the show. They asked if I would be willing to announce the winner as the new champion, and I agreed but I didn't take that seriously. How could I give a championship to anyone. I laid it down and that ended the championship so far as I was concerned. Let the bunch fight for it.

"'There's Hart, Root, Burns, Fitzsimmons, and O'Brien. Let them all claim the title and fight it out.'

"It has always been my contention that Tommy Burns was entitled to the championship and so far as I am concerned, as a chronicler of boxing, I shall always insist that he was a world champion. And here is my reason:

"When Jim Jeffries retired in 1905, he had declared he never again would put on the gloves. We all know what induced the promoters of the Marvin Hart-Jack Root bout to declare that a championship bout and to get Jeffries to acclaim the winner the title holder. The bout would have been a flop were it not for the ingenuity of the men behind it, who figured that with Jeffries retired, it would be a great stunt to get Jim to referee. He refused until he received what he asked for his services and the rest proved easy for the promoters.

* * *

Hart Eliminates Johnson

"MARVIN HART, one of the two contestants, only three months previous to the meeting with Jack Root, had won a twenty-round decision over the much feared Jack Johnson, the negro whom Jeffries and all other heavyweights shunned. That bout, staged in Frisco, put Johnson out of the running for Jeffries' crown, and made Hart a strong contender.

"On July 3, 1905, Hart romped further into the limelight by knocking out Jack Root in twelve rounds at Reno, Nev. Although, as I remarked above, Jeffries refereed and declared Hart the champion, yet Jeffries repudiated this award before me soon after and declared to the newspaper writers, and very strongly to me, that he did not take this award seriously. Jeffries felt Hart had a better claim than any of the others in the field because he had eliminated the tough Jack Johnson and Root.

"Philadelphia Jack O'Brien came forth with a claim that could not be ignored, especially after he had knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons on December 20, 1905, at San Francisco, in 12 rounds. Jack had many supporters and they felt that if he could get Bill Squires, the Australian champion who then was being exploited by his countrymen as the greatest fighter since Fitz and Peter Jackson were in their prime, he would clinch the world heavyweight title through public opinion.

* * *

Trickery Keeps O'Brien in U. S.

"ACCORDINGLY, O'Brien got busy with the cables to Melbourne where Squires was, and almost had a bout with the Australian clinched, when Tommy Burns's people crossed him by a fake message from Los Angeles which made O'Brien miss the Australian boat and gave Burns a chance to meet Hart.

"On Feb. 23, 1906, Burns and Hart fought in San Francisco, and Burns beat Marvin, that bout going 20 rounds to a decision. That put Hart out and left the field to Burns and O'Brien, because both Fitz and Johnson had previously been eliminated.

"Burns consented to meet O'Brien and gained the decision in 20 rounds at Los Angeles. So far as I can see, ring history must record Tommy Burns the champion, for he shunted aside all who had any claim whatsoever on the title Jeffries had vacated. He beat every contender in this country, England and Australia.

"With the general public mocking his claim, Burns went a step further to strengthen it, by knocking out Bill Squires, called the "Australian marvel," at Colma, Cal., in one round, with Jim Jeffries refereeing. That gave Burns a chance to clinch the international laurels. Still Burns had difficulty convincing certain American sports writers that he was entitled to all the glory of a champion, and to further his claim he went to England where he knocked out Gunner Moir in 10 rounds at London.

* * *

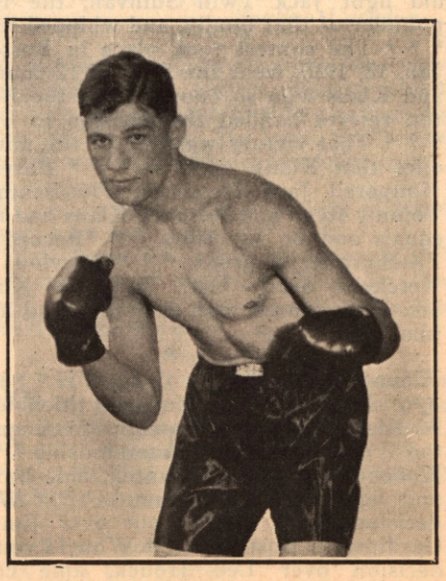
Burns Cleaned Up All Contenders

"IN addition, Burns scored six more knockouts, including those over Jack Palmer in London, 4; Jem Roche, Dublin, 1; Jewey Smith, Paris, 5; Bill Squires, Paris, 8; Bill Squires, Sydney, 13; Bill Lang, Melbourne, 6. He therefore cleaned up the field of worth while heavies.

"There was not another white fighter anywhere at the time who had as good a record as Burns, and although, in my opinion, he was the poorest of our heavyweight champions, yet I fail to understand why he is not given the proper credit for his work. He was the logical successor to Jeffries and when he was whipped in 14 rounds by Jack Johnson at Sydney, Australia, when the police halted the bout to save Burns from fatal injury, the negro became the title holder.

"I personally have always held a fond spot in my heart for Jim Jeffries, who in my opinion was one of the greatest heavyweights of all time, yet I cannot permit my sentiment and sympathy to carry me off to the extent that I can record Jeffries as the champion when he clashed with Jack Johnson.

"During the interval between the time of his retirement and his comeback, the heavyweights who loomed strongest fought it out among themselves for the crown and in the process of this elimination, Tommy Burns won the title and Jack Johnson took it from him. Had Jim Jeffries beaten Johnson, history would have recorded the fact that he had regained the heavyweight championship and not retained it. As it was, the world on July 5, 1910, read in head lines that Jack Johnson had retained the title by stopping Jeffries in 15 rounds."



Don Petrin, a 170 pounder of Newark who has a bright future. He is managed by Jack Shaatls.

The Fistic Old Timer Recollects When,—

By Charles F. Mathison

TONY BENDER, hard-hitting Jerseyman, unfortunate chap. * * * Knocked Abe Attell into a comatose condition one night in 1906 at Billy Elmer's Gym, 110 West 42nd St. * * * Blow landed in second round of a bout scheduled for three rounds. * * * Attell out for three minutes. * * * When Abe regained consciousness third round was called and contested without further casualties. * * * Although the bout was a decisionless one, Bender, through the knockout, would have won the title had it been in possession of Attell at time of the upset. * * * That was where Bender was unfortunate, as Attell was not the titleholder at the time, as he had been stopped in 1904 by Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan. * * * Two years later Attell stopped Brooklyn Tom and regained championship. * * * The bout with Bender was one of a few in which a knocked out boxer was permitted to slumber three minutes in order to recover from the effects of a knockout punch. * * *

* * *

Fame Is Fleeting

PUGILISTIC fame is fleeting, as is proven by the fact that Frank Klaus, the first American boxer to hold the world's middleweight championship, is barely remembered. * * * Somebody even went so far as to declare that Klaus was whipped by Mike Twin Sullivan at the old Fairmount A. C. several years ago. * * * Mike Twin Sullivan was a welterweight and Klaus a rugged middleweight, who fought in his own class. * * * Klaus did fight Jack Twin Sullivan, the 160-pounder of that family, and whipped him. * * * The contest took place in Boston, Jan. 18, 1910, went the limit of 12 rounds and Klaus won so convincingly the Boston referee handed the decision to him. * * * That victory was one of the minor ones that Klaus achieved. * * * Barring Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Tommy Ryan and Ketchel, Klaus had few equals and no superiors. * * *Record of Pittsburgher is proof. * * * Previous to Ketchel's death Oct. 15, 1910, Klaus boxed six rounds with champion and held him even. * * *

* * *

Klaus Off For Title

FOLLOWING the demise of titleholder, Klaus started campaign to acquire the middleweight championship.* * * Knocked out Frank Mantell, able boxer and fighter in ninth round. * * * Won decision in 12 round bout over Jimmy Gardiner in Boston. * * * Won 12 round decision over Leo Houck, able contender in Boston. * * * Won 20 round decision over Ed Petroskey, Coast favorite, in San Francisco bout. * * * Won 20 round decision over Jack Dillon, Klaus' nearest rival, in bout in San Francisco. * * * Laid claim to American title. which he had fairly won. * * * Went to Paris in 1912, got a match with Georges Carpentier, the middleweight champion of Europe. * * * Fight took place on June 24, 1912. * * * Klaus knocked out Carpentier in 19th round.

* * *

Descamps Hollered "Foul"

RECORD books say Klaus won on a foul. * * * Foul was committed by Descamps, who ran into ring when his man was on the floor in state of semi-consciousness. * * * Descamps bawled "foul" at top of voice. * * * Referee declared Descamp's action was foul and that Carpentier was loser. * * * Klaus also won from Billy Papke in Paris in 1913 in the 15th round. * * * On returning to America Klaus fought a ten-round draw with Eddie McGoorty, a leading contender for the middleweight title. * * * On Oct. 11, 1913, Klaus met George Chip, hard-hitting miner of Scranton, Pa., who stopped the champion in the sixth round. * * *

* * *

Gans' Imitators Numerous

JOE GANS' record in the matter of imitators taking his name is the best in history. * * * Young Joe Gans, Italian Joe Gans, Panama Joe Gans and Baby Joe Gans, all took the Old Master's name in the belief that it might help their boxing. * * * No evidence of that up to date. * * * Singular fact that George Dixon, holder of the world's bantam and featherweight titles, boasted of only one who borrowed his name.* * * This was a featherweight who called himself Young George Dixon. . . . His name was Odie Branch and he was born at Jackson, Tenn., July 28, 1895. * * * The acquirement of the Dixon cognomen did not seem to have shed any special lustre on Mr. Branch's fighting. * * * Perhaps Kid Chocolate, who is making much progress in this vicinity, had in mind that George Dixon was also possessor of the nickname "Little Chocolate. . . . Kid Chocolate has done nothing up to date to discredit "Little Chocolate."

* * *

Some Famous Incidents

THRILLING incidents of famous fights: Terrible Terry McGovern vs. Pedlar Palmer, at Tuckahoe, 1899. . . . Snapshot of Al Smith, stakeholder, presenting at bank check for $10,000, deposited as forfeit. Moving pictures of managers of McGovern and Palmer, when check turned back somersault. . . . Conclave of managers and stakeholder, former being inclined to call off contest. Talking movie by Al Smith, famous stakeholder and square shooter: "Tell you what I'll do, I'll go into ticket booth and sell pasteboards until I have $10,000, which I will hold until final settlement. How about it?" . . . Composite photo of managers nodding heads in affirmative. * * * Sweltering hot day. * * * Al Smith, undismayed, in stuffy ticket booth, but fearing he would dissolve into a pool of water. . . . Large gatling, taboo under Sullivan law, on shelf within easy reach. * * * Perspiring martyr stood there till last buck of $10,000 was in his pockets. * * * Then unbolted door of booth and staggered out, weak of flesh but strong in lucre. . . . McGovern and Palmer received all the cash due them. Palmer in addition received more punches in two minutes of first round than he believed possible. Little Britton expected to do nearly all the punching. But was counted out by Siler and returned to Merrie England, less merrie but wiser. . . .

* * *

Ed Barrow Could Fight

IT is possible that when Ed Barrow refused to heed the call of the pugilistic siren and dedicated his abilities to the national game of baseball, the prospects of a great heavyweight champion were nipped in the bud. . . . So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, the Yank Secretary had but one setto and that informal * * * Performance so impressive and the calibre of his opponent so excellent, it caused widespread comment. . . . Victim of Barrow's offensive was John H. Ferguson, known as "Sandy" Ferguson. * * * 6 ft. 3, 190 pounds. Heavy puncher. * * * Mixed it with such performers as Jack Johnson, Joe Jeannette, Joe Walcott, Gus Ruhlin and others. No color line for Sandy. . . . Very quarrelsome in or out of ring. * * * Ready for argument, any rules. * * * Well known in Boston and vicinity for dozen years beginning with 1900. . . . Barrow also there. * * * Attended entertainment. * * * In walked Sandy. Oozing defiance of all concerned. * * * In passing, Sandy jostled Barrow with undue force. . . . Mild protest from Barrow: "Be a bit careful." Retort from Sandy, "Who'll be careful?" * * * Accompanied by shoulder punch. . . . Barrow arose in time to duck a swing by Sandy. Barrow's right shot out. Connected with Sandy's chin. His 190 pounds hit floor with heavy shock. . . . Sandy revived in dressing room and led away by friends who did not want to see him damaged further. * * * General remarks of

(*Continued on page* 20)

A LAUGH or TWO

By NORMAN DALY

A champ is one who from the floor
Will wait till "nine" to rise once more;
A chump is one who from the floor
Gets up at "one" to fall once more.

He stood before the mirror
With his eyes closed very tight.
He wished to see how he would look
If he was kayo'd that night.

A RANK CHOICE

WE are pleased to present OUR list of outstanding battlers for 1928. Here they are according to weights:

Heavy: Hoover.

Light: Edison.

Fly: Lindbergh.

* * *

Fight Promoter (to manager): "What's the matter now?"

Manager: "My boy says he won't fight unless he can pick his own radio announcer."

* * *

Recently a boxer gave up fighting to open a school for weight-reducing. He is now living on the fat of the land.

* * *

Fight Promoter: "Why won't you meet any negroes?

Hard-boiled Boxer: "'Cause when I gives a guy a black eye I wants to SEE it."

* * *

They were discussing a certain beanpole of a fighter when one of them said:

"Is he tall? Boy, he's so tall he has to stand on a chair to brush his teeth."

* * *

But that's nothing. We know a shrimp of a pug who's so short his corns give him a headache.

* * *

When Philadelphia Jack O'Brien first opened his health institute he hung out his shingle: "DEVELOPER." A yimp with a dent in his skull approached Jack one day and asked:

"Are you a good developer?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "I am."

"Well," piped the dodo, "I want you to develop this roll of film."

* * *

THE difference between a member of the Ku Klux Klan and a prize-fighter is that one's black on the eyes, and the other eyes on the blacks.

* * *

GENE TUNNEY was a spectator in a gymnasium not so long ago and condescended to speak to his neighbor. He was discussing a certain heavyweight.

"Of course you've noticed," Gene was saying, "the decidedly unconventional manner with which he is conducting himself of late. In point of fact I have been somewhat perturbed and not a little piqued by the offensive nature of his actions.

"In his recent encounter I was distinctly aware of a revolting uncouthness and roughness, not to mention his unkempt appearance. And his lack of finish? Horrors!

"I seriously doubt if he has had the benefit of an elementary education, and there is unquestionably sufficient evidence at hand to support my belief. Utterly unrefined, I dare say, and a disgrace to the profession. What do you think, my good man?"

His Neighbor: "Yep—he's LOUSY!"

* * *

ALIBI 527,635

I had him all measured for a knockout when I thought of his poor wife and kiddies—so I let him win.

* * *

Mother (to badly bruised son): "Didn't I tell you to count a hundred before you started fighting?"

Son: "Yes, but Jimmie's mother told him only to count fifty."

* * *

HE was badly mussed up in his bout and on being examined by the doctor, the medico found he suffered concussion of the brain.

"Are you sure," he asked the physician, "are you sure that I shall recover?

"I have heard that doctors sometimes give wrong diagnoses, and have treated patients for one ailment and later the patient died of something else."

"You've been woefully misinformed," replied the medico indignantly. "When I treat a man for concussion of the brain, HE DIES FROM CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN."

* * *

The day after his fight "Kid" Sambo consulted a doctor about a pain around his heart.

"That pain around your heart," said old Sawbones, "will go away in a short while."

"Yassah," replied Sambo, "dat's awright, but wha's got me thinkin' is, WILL AH GO 'WAY WID IT?"

* * *

THINGS WE NEVER SEE IN THE MOVIES

A FIGHT manager without a derby and a loud vest.

A fight club without a dozen sailors at the ringside.

The hero getting knocked bow-legged.

No sweet patootie at the ringside to cheer the hero on to victory.

The leading man boxing a fellow as good-looking as himself.

A guy who goes into the fight game for the love of it, and not for the money to pay his mother's operation bill, or to save the mortgage on the old homestead.

A second who doesn't bawl when his man loses.

A realistic fight scene.

* * *

Needless to say how sorry we felt for the broken-down prize-fighter who had to pawn his false teeth so he could get money to buy himself a steak.

* * *

THERE is a story about a Scotch fighter who refused to weigh-in when he heard he had to tip the scales.

Pat came home from his bout with "Kayo" Krousemeyer with a black eye and a broken nose. His wife met him at the door and seeing his condition said:

"Shame on ye, Pat. A great, big Oirishman like yezself lettin' a little runt of a Dutchman bate yez up?"

Pat: "Hush, Bridget! Don't spake disrespectful o' th' dead."

* * *

After their fight Mike Kelly accused Sammy Goldstein of biting him in the clinches. When Goldstein heard of this he said:

"Nix, I couldn't bite that Irisher, my religion forbids it."

* * *

Discretion is the better part of valor—so take the count of nine.

* * *

QUESTION BOX

GONZALES TEEWATER, Hollywood, Ill.

Q.—Who would win in a Dempsey-Wills fight?

A.—Good Lord, are you going to bring that up again?

Isadore McGuinness, Bronx, N. J.

Q.—I want to become a boxer. I have fallen arches. What shall I do?

A.—Nothing. You have so much less to fall after you get in the game.

* * *

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Dear E. M. Ed: After my sensational victories in this country I felt sure the American public appreciated my prowess as a pugilist, so picture my embarrassment when someone pointed me out and said:

"He is wood-chopper from Spain."

Paulino Uzcudun.

* * *

A mid-western fight promoter was very much incensed at certain remarks which had been made about him by the leading paper of the town. He burst forth into the editorial room like a dynamite bomb, and exclaimed:

"You are telling lies about me in your paper, and you know it!"

"You have no cause for complaint," said the editor coolly. "What in the world would you do if we told the TRUTH about you?"

* * *

"WHY didn't ya pass me some dope in that mix-up?" cried the irate boxer to his second after a hectic round.

"I did! I shook me head, didn't I?"

"And did you expect me to HEAR IT RATTLE in that noise?"

* * *

"Sufferin' cod-fish!!"

"What's the matter?"

"The heavyweight champion lost his hat."

"Well what of it?"

"I HAVE IT ON!!!"

Paulino, Man of Club-like Arms and Heart of Steel

By Francis Albertanti

THE most picturesque fighter that has come out of the Old World in forty years, or since the halycon days of Jem Mace and Charley Mitchell, is Paulino Uzcudun, the former Basque Woodchopper. He fairly oozes with color. The sturdy Spaniard with the clublike arms and heart of steel is by far a more colorful ring performer than his Latin countryman, Luis Firpo.

Until the advent of Max Schmeling, the German menace, Paulino was considered the only foreigner who had a chance to step into the shoes made vacant by the scholarly Gene Tunney. A meeting between this pair of thumpers in the good old summer time will undoubtedly attract a $750,000 "gate," or more. The Teuton is slowly but surely riding high in the climb to the heavyweight championship ladder. His knock out of Johnny Risko placed him in an enviable position.

Uzcudun, or Umsi as he has been nicknamed, is still very much in the running. Many have tried to eliminate him but didn't succeed. He has fought them all, clubbing a majority into submission with triphammer rights. Paulino is the only white man who made George Godfrey, the mountainous negro, clutch like a June bride to escape being smacked into the land of nod when they clashed in a Los Angeles ring. Godfrey, in turn, has ruined many so-called white hopes by denting their ribs or breaking their jaws. It goes without saying that Godfrey started Risko on the downgrade with short right hooks to the ribs. The negro hits as hard, if not harder, than Dempsey, when he gets a man in close. Umsi took Godfrey's best smacks and laughed right in his face.

Godfrey was humiliated, to say the least, so much so that he couldn't do a blessed thing in the closing rounds. True, Gawge got the "duke" but he didn't deserve the decision as a heap of clippings on the desk before us mutely testify.

Paulino stacked up against K. O. Christner in the new Garden, New York, February 22. It was another sellout, the sixth in a row.

* * *

IT WAS NOT until he caved in Harry Wills with left hooks to the stomach, the force of the blows rendering the old darkey unconscious in the fourth of ten scheduled rounds, that the late Tex Rickard and experts began to sit up and take notice. Wills had bluffed his way into thousands of dollars on the "I dare you to fight me Mr. Jack Dempsey" slogan, and also scared many of the white boys stiff with his dark looks. But Harry couldn't put the fear into Paulino for the good reason that the Basque doesn't know what fear means Umsi sampled Harry's best punches and when the Negro realized that he might as well be punching a fire hydrant, he folded up.

Paulino wasn't in this country very long before he was matched with Knute Hansen. He was very crude but he outgamed the lanky Dane at every turn. After the decision he did a flip flop in the middle of the ring which made a big hit with the crowd.

Next came the lumbering Tom Heeney. It was a fight to the teeth. Pauline emerged victorious. They had it out again a couple of months later, this time over the fifteen rounds trail and the officials agreed on a draw decision.

After he kayoed Wills, a great cry went up that Paulino was afraid to tackle Ed Keely, of Boston. There was so much wrangling that before Richard knew it, the match had been well steamed up. Uzcudun knocked Keeley kicking in two heats. He may still be kicking for all we know.

Paulino stiffened the giant Pat Lester in seven, knocked the skids from under Romero Rojas' legs in two, flattened Homer Smith in four and lost to Jack Delaney on a foul in seven. Al Mayer will insist to his dying day that it was "an invisible foul."

* * *

THE night he lost a ten round decision to Johnny Risko, very few persons, except for his cabinet, knew that Paulino was suffering the pangs of hell with an infected left arm. He considers this his toughest fight because he could not knock down the Rubber Man's left hooks to the body.

Paulino was almost defenseless, but his grit enabled him to fight back as best he could and most important, remain on his feet when the last bell sounded. He almost cried with anger the night he saw Schmeling batter Risko from pillar to post. "I'd like to have had another crack at Risko," Paulino remarked to Mayer.

Paulino broke the hearts and bankrolls of many Chicagoans when he tore into Otto Van Porat, the big, skinny Norwegian, and gained the award at the end of ten one-sided rounds.

BIG BOY PETERSON was tickled pink when the referee gave him a foul victory over Paulino in two rounds at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, last summer. Peterson was on one knee taking a count when Paulino lost his head and struck at him in that position. Umsi enjoyed a good workout at the expense of Big Bill Hartwell, and a couple of months ago, he beat Jack Renault.

He may never ascend the dizzy heights of the heavyweight division but he cherishes the ownership of the European title which he gained at the expense of Dr. Ludwig Haymann. Paulino bowled over the German in eleven rounds.

Another high light in Paulino's career is the fact that he has always been a headliner. From the time of his debut in 1924 until this writing, he has never played second fiddle to anyone. He considers this quite an accomplishment, and we agree with him.

* * *

PAULINO never fought as an amateur while Firpo did. In his first fights in the Simon Pure ranks, some mugg hit Luis on the chin and knocked him colder than the proverbial mackeral. Firpo was not only counted out, but it took 40 minutes to bring him to. Firpo didn't become a headliner until after he vanquished the late Bill Brennan in twelve rounds in the old Garden.

Some claim Paulino can't hit, that he seldom knocks his man goofy. Records do not lie. Figures before us show that in 56 contests Uzcudun triumphed in 40 via the kayo route. Firpo scored 24 knock outs in 36 starts. He was flattened by Jack Dempsey. Umsi has never been counted out, let alone knocked off his feet.

Paulino owns forty suits of clothes, 900 neckties and heaven only knows how many shirts. Firpo came to America with one celluloid collar which he took back home with him for a souvenir. The rubber collar gained him hundreds of columns of publicity.

Firpo earned $850,000 and wise investments have made him a millionaire. He has all his money in cash. Paulino has stowed away $175,000 but he can never hope to amass anything like Firpo's fortune. There isn't the money around now that there was when the Wild Bull of the Pampas was in action.

It may surprise you to learn that Firpo promoted his fight with the palooka, Tim Tracey, in South America and his end amounted to $66,000, unheard of figures. He received $165,000 for his losing stand against Dempsey.

The biggest purse Umsi has knocked down thus far was the $40,000 guaranteed him in the Godfrey battle. His sweetest pickup was the $32,000 he received for whipping Dr. Haymann at San Sebastian, Spain. Three fighters today can sign their names for a cool million—Firpo, Tunney and Dempsey. Paulino is included in the list of a scant few who are wealthy, others are Boston Jack Sharkey, Young Stribling, Tom Heeney and Jack Delaney.

* * *

UMSI travels in regal style. There is nothing cheap about him. He may cut his dough down the middle with his pilots. He likes to drive automobiles at 100 miles an hour, will swallow a desk when he's hungry but he is not a tight wad like Firpo.

Paulino dresses in the height of fashion, will sit in at the movies for hours at a clip.

.n that dear Spain. He is a practical joker of the first order. He gets a great kick kidding his companions.

Paulino doesn't cut. He may come out of a strenuous battle with a black eye but otherwise no scars are visible on his face. He hasn't a solid bone in his body. They were all broken when he was earning $9 a week chopping down trees. He has the instinct of a woodsman.

One day at Summit, N. J. when he was training for the Delaney scrap, he invited some of his friends to walk through the woods. He had not covered five or six steps when he wagered a few kopecks that he could find a rabbit in one of the holes. Sure enough he came tripping back with said rabbit.

Another athlete who has helped to put the Basque country on the map is Gene Borotra, one of the greatest tennis players that ever wielded a racket. He is known as the bounding Basque. He was born on the French side of the Pyrenees and Paulino in the Spanish section.

Paulino's father died when Uzcudun was young. He is one of a family of ten, six brothers and four sisters. One of his brothers is a Monk, another a professor in school and his youngest brother is a wrestler.

His sisters are also woodchoppers. His mother is 78 years old but she is as spry as a woman half that age. The real name of the country from which both Borotra and Paulino hail from is Basque Pays.

* * *

PAULINO went into the woods when he was knee high to a grass hopper. He chopped trees in his bare feet. This strenuous work undoubtedly gave him his wonderful pair of shoulders, his ham-like hands and strong body. He used to work from 6 o'clock in the morning until sunset, piece work, which netted him about $1.50 a day.

There was some kind of a celebration that brought Paul Arthus, a French boxing instructor and handy man to Francois Descamps manager of Georges Carpentier, to Regil in Spain. Walking through the forest, his eyes lit on the pudgy form of Paulino. For no reason at all, he asked the youngster if he would like to go to Paris and take up boxing for a living.

"I'll do almost anything to earn more than I do," was Umsi's response.

From the time he first met Paulino, Arthus was sure he had plucked a pugilistic diamond from the rough, as it were. Uzcudun couldn't believe his eyes when he saw Paris, the biggest city he had ever seen in his life, and both Arthus and Paulino laugh when they reminisce how Arthus had all he could do to make his pupil understand that it was compulsory to wear shoes. The boulevarders had become convulsed seeing him in his bare feet.

* * *

IT ONLY took three months to convert Paulino from a woodchopper into a boxer. But Arthus accomplished the feat that will go down in ring history. Arthus threw Paulino in with a Russian, named Touroff, and Umsi knocked him out in one round. This was in 1923.

Next came the rough, tough Paul Journee, and to the amazement of both Arthus and Descamps, Paulino turned the trick in the seven heats. He received $8, or 200 francs for the Journee fight.

In 1924 Paulino stopped Touroff again in two, and Journee one. He finished Marcel Niles in five and Arthur Townley, one.

He scored three kayos in 1925 and beat Jack Humbeck in twelve. He flattened Phil Scott in six in 1926, Humbeck, three, Hans Breittstraetter, nine and Solider Jones, one.

He whipped Erminio Spalla in twelve. He lost two decisions to George Cook in 1924. Franz Diener, the German, held him to a draw in ten in 1926. Before coming to the States, Paulino stopped off in Havana, Cuba, where he knocked out Martin O'Grady and Antolin Fierro, one round each.

* * *

IN 1926 in Barcelona, Spain, Paulino participated in a charity bullfight. Don't misunderstand us. The charity angle was the receipt of the money taken in at the "gate." Umsi killed the bull to the wild frenzy of cheering from the thousands who were packed in the stands. Paulino hasn't been very hot for bullfighting ever since.

Paulino created a mild sensation when he reached Broadway. He wore one of those trick Basque hats which gave the boys many laughs. Arthus tied up with Al Mayer and Bertys Perry, a Frenchman, and the directorate has remained solid ever since. Paulino has no contract with the trio. He figures his word of honor is far better than a scrap of paper. He has implicit confidence in them and he obeys them like a child would its mother.

Umsi stands 5 feet 11½ inches in his stocking feet but he looks much smaller, say 5 feet 7 inches tall. He weighs 195. He has never scaled over 200 pounds.

* * *

IN ADDITION to the European title, Paulino is considered the world's best woodchopper. He'll defend the latter laurels against any and everybody who thinks he's talking through his chapeau. He likes to play Jai Alai but he will not bet on himself nor make a bet on the horses. He has invested his earnings in real estate in the large cities of Spain.

The Pyrenees mountains divide France and Spain. The Basque on the Spanish side have their own language, or dialect (no slang, mind you) and its own literature. So that when Paulino gets his mail from his homeland it is not tampered with for the good reason that his managers can't make out the trick hieroglyphics.

Paulino learned how to speak French very quickly, and he has also picked up a smattering of Italian. If you don't think he can speak English, listen to him putting the vacuum on his new friends. He understands it perfectly.

After he knocked out Wills, the crown prince of Spain and his brother congratulated his mother.

Mayer, vice-chairman of the board of directors, was Firpo's public relations counsel before and after the Wild Bull fought Dempsey. He was also American correspondent for the La Nacion, the biggest South American newspaper.

In addition to Paulino, Arthus, Bertys and Mayer manage the following good box office attractions: Gaston Lecadre, French lightweight; Tony Ascensio, Spanish feather; Vidal Gregorio, bantam; Alf Ross, Hilario Martinez, Eddie Frisco, welters, and Luis Vincintini, lightweight. They have a suite of offices at 132 West 43rd Street, New York City.

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Nat Fleischer *Says:*

Tex Rickard Leaves Great Monument
His Work Carried on By Efficient Men
Ray Miller Lightweight Fistic Sensation

"TEX" RICKARD is dead, and with his death has passed the greatest promoter of sports in all history. The maker of champions, the maker of millionaire boxers, the builder of sports arenas, the man who adopted Barnum methods for the futherance of boxing, left for himself a monument such as emperors might well feel proud of.

"Tex" Rickard is dead, but boxing, the sport which he circus ballyhoo, made of boxing a gigantic commercial condition into full-grown health, will live on as he had wished it.

The million-dollar purses which Tex Rickard brought into the boxing field, the 150,000 persons who were drawn to the fight stadium through the magic wand of this great promoter, may not be as frequent as during his colorful career. But they will again appear to remind American sportsmen of the man whose promotorial ingenuity, whose circus ballyhoo made of boxing a gigantic commercial business.

"Tex" Rickard is dead, but his spirit will act as a guiding light to those who attempt to follow in his footsteps. This is an age of commercialism, and big business men will see to it that a sport which enabled two fighters, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, to become millionaires and brought several millions of dollars in profit to the man who exploited them, will not be permitted to hit the downward grade because of the passing of the Master.

* * * * *

Good Men in the Garden

THE decision of the Directors of Madison Square Garden to keep their organization intact, with William A. Carey, Colonel John S. Hammond and Tom McArdle at the helm, should help the Garden in its crisis. In Carey, the organization which Tex Rickard built, has a powerful business man whose adventures in handling sporting activities may be new, but who is quick to learn and is sure to carry on to the satisfaction of all.

In Colonel Hammond, the Garden has an energetic individual who, as a business associate of the late "Tex" Rickard, absorbed much of his chief's acumen. He took hockey, a sport that had died in New York with the closing of the old St. Nicholas Skating Rink, and in two years brought it forth as the most lucrative of all Garden activities except boxing. He is a colorful figure, full of vim, the kind of pep for which West Pointers are noted. Like Tex Rickard, he has heaps of energy and should make good in the management of the Garden.

In addition, Colonel Hammond, whose military education at West Point has made him a handler of men, has built his Garden staff into a most efficient body. Between him and Carey, the Garden is assured of the same prosperity it enjoyed under "Tex" Rickard's supervision.

As for Tom McArdle, there is not a matchmaker in the country who excels him. The manner in which he has paired the boys for Garden shows speaks for itself. Seven sell-outs in eight shows is a record any promoter or matchmaker may feel proud of.

Any interference with McArdle's work would be foolhardy and no one knows this better than Mr. Carey and Colonel Hammond. Where heretofore "Tex" Rickard was his own matchmaker when big bouts were in the offing, now the triumvirate of Carey, Hammond and McArdle are cooperating to carry on the big things which "Tex" had planned for 1929. Colonel Hammond is doing a great job as Garden manager. During his month's regime following Rickard's death, he has set records for attendances, records in receipts for all activities and has cut down Garden waste to the extent of thousands of dollars.

One thing is certain, the politicians who are using every means to upset the present efficient arrangements, will find that their work will yield nothing of material benefit.

* * * * *

As to "Punch-Drunkedness"

THE announcement of Battling Levinsky's retirement after twenty-two years of ring activity during which he rose from a novice to American light heavyweight champion, was hailed by all lovers of boxing. Coming as it does, at a time when the medical profession is calling attention of the public to the increase in the number of cases of "punch-drunkedness," Levinsky's decision is commended by the Battler's many admirers as a step in the right direction. He should be congratulated for seeing the light and saving himself from the possibility of "cutting paper dolls."

Levinsky has had a most colorful career. Like Johnny Dundee, he retired several times only to find the smell of the resin too great to resist. The Battler has fought 550 bouts since 1906. In 1916 he won the light heavyweight title from Jack Dillon and in a bout with Georges Carpentier for the world's title, was knocked out by the Frenchman. For cleverness, few could surpass him. He retired two years ago, and last year made his come-back.

But Father Time had taken his toll. The Battler found that the coordination of mind and muscle no longer was there. Boys who years ago would have been easy marks for the former champion, proved his master. On January 14 he was knocked out by a third-rater, Herman Wiener, and it was that haymaker that finally proved to the Battler the folly to continue.

* * * * *

Sets Example for Others

BATTLING LEVINSKY has always been a credit to the boxing game and he added to his prestige when he showed the way to others of his type, how much better it is to hang up the gloves while there is still time, than to complete the remaining days of his life in a booby hatch.

I was very much interested recently in an article in the Medical Journal, given to me by Dr. William A. Walker, of the New York State Athletic Commission, on "punch-drunkedness." This term is used by the medical profession to designate a new disease of the brain, a form of lunacy caused by constant hammering on the brain cells and the formation of blood clots in vital centers.

While from statistics I have on hand I feel the percent-

age of such boxers is almost a negligible quantity, the doctor who wrote that article deserves the hearty congratulations of the boxing fraternity. He has called attention to the grave results that might follow if a boxer, having reached the stage where he no longer can protect himself properly or where he is too old to cope with youthful opponents, faces a pounding each time he enters the ring.

* * * * *

Ray Miller Adds to Fame

RAY MILLER added to his prestige and clinched his claim as leading contender for Sammy Mandell's crown, by knocking out Tommy Grogan in the fourth round, while Joe Glick lost the verdict to Jimmy McLarnin, who previously went the way of Grogan in his bout with Miller. The performance of Miller was most remarkable because of the fact that he was floored six times in the second round and was on the verge of a k.o. several times during the four hectic cantos.

Grogan, who possesses dynamite when he connects properly, made the fatal mistake of many other fighters who become rather careless when they think they have their man on the run. He knew that if he could land the haymaker on Miller, picked by the late "Tex" Rickard as the best man in the division barring the champion, he would rise to fame and fortune. But Grogan failed to realize that he was facing a terrific hitter with great recuperative powers. He rushed pell-mell into Miller, who setting himself to meet the rush, suddenly wheeled about, shot over his famous deadly left hook, and Grogan was carried to his corner. In the return bout Miller won on points.

It is fellows of the Miller, Grogan and McLarnin type who are making ring history these days. The fans love a fighter. In victory or defeat, such battlers arouse the enthusiasm of the fight crowd and pack 'em at future shows. A battle between Joe Glick and Miller, or a return bout between Miller and McLarnin, is what the fight fans are eager to see.

* * * * *

Jack Sharkey Shows Class

"TEX RICKARD is gone. But the world moves on. Plans for crowning a heavyweight successor to Gene Tunney, the Great Retired, continue apace. The Sharkey-Christner fight in New York has gone down into fistic history, the Sharkey-Stribling match in Miami will be in the limelight for some time to come. Rickard is gone,—but his spirit goes marching on.

The fight between Jack Sharkey and K. O. Christner in New York did a lot to rehabilitate the Bostonian. Throw the first five rounds of that encounter into the discard. They were just continuations of the warmup bout which Sharkey fought with Arthur De Kuh in the Hub. They served to put Jack in the proper fettle.

In those five rounds Sharkey showed that he could take it. He showed that he could meet a man who gave at least as good as he received.

And the last five rounds accentuated Sharkey's class. Jack bowled over the doubters and knocked down the detractors by coming from behind and giving Christner a fine lacing. Sharkey knew that he had to rally. And rally he did. He boxed with exceeding skill and he punched with power, his timing was fine and his class stood out as he wrested the lead from the Akron rubber puddler and went hurtling into the heavyweight foreground. Never has he displayed such remarkable fighting ability as in this bout.

* * * * *

Joe Dundee Takes Another Beating

LIFE seems to be just one beating after another for Joe Dundee, our welterweight champion. No matter whom Joe meets, he comes out of the ring second best. Joe protects his title by forcing the other fellow to come in overweight, but he doesn't seem to be able to give adequate protection to his person.

The latest conqueror of Dundee is Al Mello, the Boston welter. Mello went into the ring over the welterweight limit and as a result the title was saved for the Baltimore boxer.

Down went Dundee in the first. Down went Dundee in the ninth. Mello had a big margin in the ten rounds before a home crowd of 18,000 and now stands out as one of the strong contenders for the championship. In the first the bell may have saved Dundee, as it rang at the count of eight.

Boxing Commissioners all over the country have got to stop this practice of champions forcing legitimate contenders to come in over weight. We were surprised to see the usual strict Massachusetts body countenance this scheme in the Dundee-Mello engagement.

Let the champions defend their titles or quit.

Farewell, Battling Levinsky!

By Eddie Borden

BATTLING LEVINSKY, veteran Jewish heavyweight, and probably the most distinguished of his race in the heavyweight division of pugilists with the exception of Joe Choynski, has retired. His announcement came after he was stopped in the second round by a third rater, Herman Wiener.

A veteran of over six hundred ring battles and 22 years of ring service, Levinsky was finally forced to the bow to the inevitable.

Starting his career under the name of Barney Williams, the Battler fought some of the greatest men in the light heavyweight and heavyweight divisions. In his hey day, Levinsky never scaled over one hundred and seventy-five pounds, yet he fought every opponent that was willing to face him.

Relying exclusively on brain, rather than brawn, the Battler was an industrious and diligent worker. He often fought three times a week. He always emerged from battle unmarked, so clever was he in his heyday. Always on the move, travelling from town to town, city to city, state to state, there were few places that the Battler failed to cover during his ring activity. He went to England, and there engaged in several battles with the English flock of heavies and helped to accentuate the apparent superiority of the American product.

* * * *

NEVER packing a vicious wallop, Levinsky was content with outboxing his opponents. He managed to avoid danger through his skillful manueveres and ring ingenuity. During his ring service, he was knocked out by Jack Dempsey when Jack was working his way to championship form and also by Georges Carpentier.

Levinsky was credited with winning one fight on a foul from Chuck Wiggins several months ago and was disqualified in 1911 with Carl Morris for an alleged foul. Such a record —only two knockouts chalked up against him, is truly remarkable.

The only blot that mars an almost perfect record, occurred at Grand Rapids, Mich. prior to the Weiner encounter. He clashed with Otto Von Porat, terrific hitting Norwegian, and the bout was stopped by the Commission in the fifth, alleging that Levinsky was not giving forth his best efforts. The money was withheld but Levinsky will in all probability get what is coming to him, especially now that he has retired. There is no doubt that Levinsky gave all he had in that bout.

A credit to boxing and like Johnny Dundee, the perennial warrior, Levinsky always gave the best that was in him and is a true inspiration for the younger generation.

May his influence on the ring game never fade.

The Champion Rises

A Billy Howton Story

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

AMID the hills of Nevada nestled Oredale—lurid, picturesque, wakeful Oredale. Two years before, the site of this thriving town had been a waste of sage brush. Now it was one of the most talked about places on the American continent—Oredale, with its great gold strike. Oredale of the Cumnock Lode—perhaps the Mother Lode for which man had a been hunting for years and years.

Along Main Street, for a distance of perhaps four hundred yards, sprawled wooden and sheet tin structures which were labelled, in fantastic succession, the First National Bank, the New York Cafe, the Barbary Coast, Mittlauf's Grand Emporium, Madame Mascotte's Place, the Wells-Fargo Express Company, Sun Yat's Laundry, the Gem Restaurant, Fleetwood and Hankey's Hardware, Madame Ruby's Rest—and so on.

Opposite the Post Office and right near the horse trough sweltered a clapboard structure which seemed to be more ornate than the rest—the Manhattan, Arizona Pritchatt, Proprietor. It was hotel, pool parlor, honky tonk, dance hall, rendezvous and general whatnot for Oredale. It was here that the tired prospector brought his gold dust for a thrilling fling at draw, and it was here that the tired prospector learned his lesson, only to forget it and come back with another bag of dust.

It was here that Arizona Pritchatt reigned as supreme boss—poker wizard, financial genius, sheriff, dead shot, sporting oracle. Arizona had been with the Earps around Tombstone. He had been with "Bat" Masterson in Dodge City. He had mushed in the wild Klondike, run a gambling house in Dawson City, fought cattle rustlers in the Panhandle, battled Gauchos in the Argentine—and now he sat lazily in the heat of the Oredale July afternoon, smoking the ever present cheroot.

* * *

"YAS, we gotta do something to put this town on the map with something other than that gold the boys take outta them hills," said Pritchatt to the circle of leading citizens around him.

"We gotta make them dudes in New York know that they is a place called Oredale. We gotta get the name of this town into all them big city newspapers. And my way of doing it would be to put on a big fight right out there near the Perfect Lady mine. I'd get this feller Billy Howton to fight Jim Bardell for the heavyweight championship. There's a battle that would bring folks here from all over the country. You'd see the name of Oredale plastered on the front pages of all the big city papers."

"Arizona, you got right," said Abe Mittlauf, proprietor of Mittlauf's Grand Emporium, goods at city prices." You got right, Arizona. I'll start the ball rolling with a hundred.

"Don't cheat yerself, Abe," said Pritchatt. "It will cost you exactly one grand, get me? A thousand bucks. Have it here tomorrow morning. As for you other birds, nothing less than a grand will let you in. See me in the morning."

That night Oredale was more wakeful than ever. The two-year-old mining town was to be the site of one of the most famous of all heavyweight championship fights. Arizona Pritchatt had promised Billy Howton and Jim Bardell—and Arizona never failed. They set 'em up fast in the New York and the Manhattan. The girls at Madame Mascotte's and Madame Ruby's began to talk of new clothes.

* * *

"WHAT do you think of this?" Johnny De Frest asked. Billy Howton, outstanding contender for the heavyweight championship, who sat in a swivel chair, reading and re-reading a telegram which was dated from Oredale:

"Offer you $40,000 to fight Jim Bardell for heavyweight championship here on Labor Day. Make it snappy.

ARIZONA PRITCHATT."

"Where is this Oredale and whoinell is this guy Arizona Pritchatt?," De Frest asked, as he scratched his sparsely covered thatch. "What do you think?"

Howton laughed. "This town of Oredale is crazy with dough. It's the place they struck gold two years ago—you know, the Cumnock Lode. You've read about it. And Pritchatt is the guy who runs the town—quiet, drawling bozo, six-footer, former Texas marshal, who knows no fear and will gamble you for your teeth or your fortune. I've been there. I know the layout. I'd say, grab it. Forty grand is a dandy purse. If I get Bardell in the ring, the title will be mine."

Late that afternoon Pritchatt received this answer:

"Howton accepts if $40,000 if placed to his credit with Wells-Fargo people.

JOHNNY DE FREST."

Two hours later De Frest got this wire:

"If you can't take our word for it, go to hell. We'll put no money in banks.

ARIZONA PRITCHATT."

De Frest and Howton laughed. "He's a guy after my own heart," chuckled Billy. "Telegraph that we will start for Oredale in a week."

Jim Bardell, the big, lumbering, miscast champion, was guaranteed $100,000. He grinned with satisfaction. "If I win, fine and dandy," soliloquized Bardell. "If I lose, fine and dandy. I'm not cut out for this game anyway. I'll buy me a circus or an oil well or something."

* * *

AND so it came about that Arizona Pritchatt went into the promotion business and started on a career which was destined to bring him to New York—to boxing matches in which he guaranteed millions and made fortunes.

And thus it came about, too, that a fortnight later Oredale was the centre of world sporting interest. Several new honky tonks had risen in the night Madame Planchette had come in from Frisco with her "stable." Mittlauf got a competitor in Mexican Pete, who pulled up one morning with two big wagon loads of dry goods and started a business which was destined to grow into a chain of stores from Mexico City to Portland, Ore. Oredale was put on the map.

And the local centres of all this excitement were the training camps of the heavyweight rivals—Bardell's place at the south end of town, Howton's at the north, where the Oredale road, such as it was, branched off to Tonopah.

Out in the sage brush, near the Perfect Lady mine, a huge arena of pine boards was being created under the hot sun. The resin oozed from the wood and men had to stand around all day wetting down the boards as they were nailed. It wouldn't do to have the thing burn down before the fight. And a fresh supply of lumber was hard to get. It had to be hauled over the hills seventy miles. The railroad spur was promised in time for the big fight.

From all over the country came the hangers-on, the camp followers, male and female, riff-raff, grifters and grafters, confidence men and pickpockets, racketeers of every description.

And there also came rich men from the big cities, roughing it for a few weeks before the fight. Arizona Pritchatt knew how to handle them. He had a drawling, lazy way about him, a smile and a shake of the hand which bespoke friendship and sincerity and brought his connections which later were to prove invaluable in New York.

There came the boxing experts from the leading newspapers and news agencies, special writers, authors of best sellers gone "expert" for the big battle.

* * *

AND there was "Honey" Chauvignotte, singer, yodeler, dancer—third-rate

vaudeville performer whose booking had run out in Butte, and who had rushed to Oredale to pick up some easy money in the dance halls until after the fight—and another ten weeks or so on the Plantagenet Circuit.

"Honey" was about twenty-two, extremely blonde, a peaches and cream face, blue eyes, full red lips, a figure even better than that of the Venus de Milo—a witching smile and a way about her.

The Chauvignotte girl could not sing, though she was billed as a singer. She was a terrible yodeler, an awful whistler, but she could dance. Her mother had been a toe dancer, her father a stolid French-Canadian factor at a Hudson Bay Company post three hundred miles north of Montreal.

Everybody went to the Howton camp or the Bardell place during the training period from 4 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and "Honey" got into the habit of being in the front row at Howton's half an hour before he started his workouts.

This Howton lad was good to look upon. The Nevada sun had turned him bronze. His muscles ripled under their metal-like sheath. The Howton smile, the Howton twinkle in the eye, they bewitched "Honey" Chauvignotte.

Back East, Sallie Dranahan was getting letters regularly from Howton. But that was far away. This was Oredale—and "Honey" was so blonde and so vibrant and so appealing.

* * *

IT was in the back room of the Gem Cafe. "Honey" was in the centre of a group of sinister looking men. The spokesman was "Slobby" Hanoski, a San Francisco mixed breed who had the high cheek bones of the Chinese.

"This guy likes you. He may have a big chance against Bardell. All you do is keep him up nights, see that he gets drunk the night before the fight," droned Hanoski.

"You get two grand. All you do is be nice to him. Turn us down and you'll be sorry. Do what we ask and you get two thousand, and a chance to marry the bozo. He's daffy about you now, but let him get the world's championship and he won't look at you. Dames from all over the country will slobber all over him. Dames with looks better than yours, dames with dough.

"Take my tip. He'll never be the wiser. Just do what we ask, and maybe he'll marry you."

"Honey' wasn't seen at the Howton training camp the next day. Nor did she appear on the following afternoon.

On the third morning Howton meandered leisurely to the Gem, to ask Mrs. Swizey what had become of Miss Chauvignotte.

"Oh, she's gone somewhere, maybe back to Frisco or Butte—didn't say where," said Mrs. Swizey. "She seemed to be worried over something—said to tell you she had done you a good turn."

"Done me a good turn?" ejaculated Howton. "Why, I don't understand. I can't remember. A great kid, was 'Honey'."

In a tiny room in Butte "Honey" Chauvignotte cried as if her heart would break. For the first time she had been really in love—and to save herself, to save Billy Howton, she had been forced to flee, flee from herself, from the Hanoski gang, from temptation—from love itself.

THE day of the big fight neared. Howtan's training proceeded without untoward incident. A week before the battle he scaled at 168 pounds, hard as nails, his disposition getting a little ragged at times.

"He's getting snarly," De Frest told Arizona Pritchatt. "That's a great sign. When they get raspy that way they will fight hard. I tell you, Arizona, this Howton boy of mine will win inside five rounds. I don't like the looks of Bardell. He is soft. He refuses to do any road work. He won't follow the advice of Les Madigan, his trainer.

"Why, he hasn't any trainer and that stuff he shows the customers every afternoon at fifty cents a throw is a lotta of bunk. Mark my words—put every dime you have on Howton, by a knockout."

"Sorry, Johnny, I don't bet on fights, not when I run them myself," drawled Arizona. "But I know you're right. The fight won't last five rounds."

In the Bardell camp everything was confusion. The champion was fifteen pounds overweight. He refused to work on the roads. Madigan gave it out in a sort of secret way, that Bardell was doing his road work at night, far out among the hills and the sage brush, far from the mad town.

"Bardell in secret night workouts," headlined the New York papers. "Champion putting on final spurt in training," sang the Chicago sport pages.

But Bardell wasn't training. Bardell was of a mind to pack his grips and run home to Cincinnati. He had heard how Howton had attained perfect condition, how he had knocked out Dickie Dugan, the Brutal Bricklayer, with one punch.

"I guess I was a little too quick to grab that $100,000," Bardell confided to Madigan. "I'd like to run out of this and hold up the guys back East for $250,000 as my end. This looks like a great attraction."

But the money end wasn't in Bardell's mind. He was being poisoned by fear.

* * *

THE day of the big fight came at last. Oredale seething with humanity. Rooms at a premuim. Ham and eggs at two dollars a portion. So-called coffee at twenty cents a cup. A red hot day, the pine board arena sizzling under a terrific sun, a hundred men wetting down the boards with water which was as valuable at Oredale as good wine was in New York.

In the Bardell camp there was greater confusion than ever. Bardell stood dressed for a trip. On the floor lay his grips, packed.

"Where ya going, Jim?" Arizona Pritchatt asked. "Going a little early, ain't ye?"

"I can't go through with this fight, Pritchatt," said Jim, with eyes fastened on the floor. "I had something to eat the other day which must have poisoned me. Haven't been right since. Got to see a doctor in Chi. Let's call this off until next July 4. By that time it will be bigger than ever."

Arizona Pritchatt laughed. He reached into his back pocket and hauled out a neat little ".36." He toyed with it. Arizona chuckled. "Well, ya better feel better, Jim, because that fight goes on. at four o'clock sharp, just when the sun begins to dip toward them hills. An you'd better be there, on time, because folks around here like to be punctual like.

"There won't be a chance to leave before the fight because folks might see you trying to leave and get the wrong idea about this whole matter, not knowing how really sick you are and having to go to Chicago."

* * *

IT was four o'clock, but the sun still blazed as if through a burning glass. It was 120 degrees at the ring side.

"Made money!" chuckled Arizona Pritchatt as he surveys the crowd. "Made money way out here in Nevada, miles and miles from civilization. There must be real dough in this back there in the East."

It wasn't much of a fight. Bardell was twenty pounds heavier than Howton. Jim was four inches taller than Billy.

But Billy brought Jim down to his level, and then some. Bardell was knocked down six times in the first round. Howton rushed him at the clang of the gong and crashed a right to the jaw. Bardell's face became ashen white. His knees sagged. They sparred for a while and Bardell offered a left uppercut. Howton laughed. He crossed a right to the side of Jim's head, whipped a left to the body, and Jim hit the boards.

* * *

THE telegraph instruments clicked. Wires hummed with the news. Jim Bardell, world's heavyweight champion, had been knocked down six times in the opening round. A new title holder seemed to be in the making.

Bardell weathered that first round. But in the second he was battered from pillar to post. Rights and lefts rained on the ill-conditioned title holder. His face looked like a raw steak. One eye was almost closed.

Bardell managed to last that session, and the third as well. He hung on for dear life in the fourth, taking terrific punishment. But Howton was not to be denied. In the fifth he rushed just as he had rushed in the first.

It was one, two—and down went Bardell. At the count of nine Jim tried to pull himself up by grabbing one of the ropes. But his strength was gone. A new champion had been crowned. Billy Howton, the miner from Butte, the harvest hand, brake beam tourist, the manmauler Billy Howton had reached the fistic pinnacle.

* * *

HAVE won championship. See you soon," Howton wired back East to Sallie Dranahan.

"Now comes your biggest test," Johnny De Frest said to Howton as they speeded toward the East the following afternoon.

(Another Billy Howton story will be published in the next issue.)

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When Wyatt Earp's Gun Silenced Enraged Fight Fans

By CHARLEY HARVEY

"TEX" RICKARD gone, Larney Lichtenstein dead, Wyatt Earp "gone West"—all within a space of a few weeks. Of course, Rickard was the most widely known of the trio but Lichtenstein had an interesting history, too, as manager of such fighters as Jess Willard and Packey McFarland. He was a genial soul, was Larney — friend of everybody, with a reputation for probity and sportsmanship second to none among the managers of boxers.

As for Earp, his reputation was gained in the early 90's when, as a noted shot and United States deputy marshall at Tomestone, Ariz., he made his mark. Although Earp's fame lay in his ability to hit the bull's eye without taking aim, the feat that brought him into the sporting limelight had nothing to do with his duties as a member of Uncle Sam's constabulary. It was in conjunction with the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey battle on the Coast which Earp refereed.

* * * *

EARP came from a family of crack shots. There were four brothers, Wyatt, Virgil, Warren and Julian, and like the late Bat Masterman and Tex Rickard, they were fearless in their hazardous surroundings. Wyatt himself, was cedited with ten scalps, one that of his own brother-in-law, Ike Clauton. Each brother was credited with being able to hit the center of a target in less than a tenth-of-a-second after the draw.

Of the four, Wyatt was the best shot. He was a grim, game, fearless fighter who made the ruffians respect him and the law, and when it came to gun pulling, no six-shooter made Wyatt tremble.

It was this kind of a fellow who was selected to referee the Fitz-Sharkey battle, on which thousands of dollars were wagered. In fact, the bout, staged on Dec. 2, 1896, was one of the heaviest betting affairs recorded in those days of California fights. The bout created the same interest that a heavyweight contest of worth would create nowadays and the betting favored Fitzsimmons 2½ to 1.

Like the Jeffries-Johnson tilt, which caused considerable wrangling before Tex Rickard was finally decided upon as the referee, so this Fitz-Sharkey contest was one of continuous bickerings until Fitz, contrary to his wishes, was forced to accept Wyatt Earp, Sharkey's man, as the third fellow in the ring.

Earp was unknown to the majority of the fight fans, but when he stepped into the ring, a commotion was raised when Police Captain Whitman noticed a big gun bulging from Wyatt's hip pocket. He stopped Earp and frisked him, but found that the referee had a permit to carry the gun and also had a certified check for $10,000 in his pocket for the winner of the bout.

* * * *

THE contest, staged thirty-three years ago last December at the Mechanic's Pavilion of San Francisco before about 15,000 fight fans, ended in the same kind of commotion as did the recent Sharkey-Dempsey battle in Madison Square Garden, and to this day, those who saw the Coast fray, still discuss Earp's decision.

Unlike the Sharkey-Dempsey battle, however, there was no sign of a gun in the Garden bout when Dempsey was given the verdict over the Bostonian, who had claimed a foul. On the Coast, however, amidst an uproar and confusion in which it was feared there would be bloodshed, Earp disqualified Fitzsimmons in the eighth round for "fouling."

Fitz had Sharkey wabbly and he landed a right to the jaw and a left to the wind which Sailor Tom's seconds called unfair. Before the fight fans knew what had happened, Earp handed the battle to Sharkey. At the time the sailor boy was senseless and bleeding while "Freckled Bob" looked fresh as a daisy and according to all unbiased critics had won that fight fairly on a knockout.

* * * *

JUDGE then of the paralyzing effect which the referee's decision had upon the vast crowd to whom Sharkey's utter annihiliation was most apparent. Earp explained to the astonished members of the press grouped about the ringside that Fitzsimmons had struck a blow below the belt in the last furious rally, which brought the contest to a conclusion.

There was wild excitement at the ringside, and many cries of "Robbery" but all bets were paid according to the referee's decision. Wyatt Earp might have been a good referee, but he never appeared again as third man in the ring. When Earp left the ring he was menaced on all sides but with his trusty gun ready for emergency, and his reputation as a sure shot, none molested him but his name went down into ring history.

The Fistic Oldtimer Recollects, When—

(Continued from page 12)

onlookers: "That chap that hit Sandy will be the next champeen. * * * But Barrow decided to be a champion baseball official. . . .

* * *

Outcry Against Weights

RECENT outcry against present weights in pugilism. * * * Specially directed against featherweight limit of 126 pounds at 2 p. m. This weight general all over the world. . . . Contention that weighing at 2 p. m. gave some boxers a great advantage. Could train down to the required poundage, and then in eight hours' rest before ringtime take on several pounds. . . . Very pathetic. * * *

Complainant fails to understand that setting the weighing time at 2 p. m. was with specific object of doing away with the cruel and brutal custom of ringside weights. . . . Under London rules class weights were: Bantam, 105; feather, 115; light, 133; middle, 154; all at ringside. . . .

Here are some of the weights George Dixon, Negro phenom, made and some that his opponents made: Dixon vs. Nunc Wallace, bantam championship, 112 pounds. . . . Dixon vs. Johnny Murphy, bantam title, 114 pounds. . . . Dixon vs. Cal McCarthy, feather title, 115 pounds. . . . Dixon vs. Abe Willis, feather title, 115 pounds. . . . Dixon vs. Fred Johnson, feather title, 117 pounds. . . .

Weights In Other Fights

DIXON vs. Terry McGovern, feather title, 118 lbs. ringside . . . Dixon vs. Frank Erne, feather title, 122 pounds, 3 p. m. . . . Shifting scale of weights simply followed Dixon's increasing poundage. . . . Same in case of Jack McAuliffe. lightweight champion of America. But not undefeated. Was thoroughly beaten twice, once by Jem Carney, English lightweight champion, and again by Young Griffo. . . . McAuliffe got a decision of draw in Carney bout and was declared winner over Griffo, although Australian wizard won each of the ten rounds that were contested. . . . When McAuliffe started boxing he could make 130 pounds. * * * After gaining lightweight title by the forfeit route from Billy Frazier, McAuliffe followed class limit to 133 ringside. . . . In 1888 boxed Billy Dacey at 133 pounds. . . . In 1890 weighed 134½ in bout with Jimmy Carroll. . . . In 1891 weighed 135 against Austin Gibbons. . . . In 1892 scaled 137¾ against Billy Myer. . . . Nelse Innes, father of boxing records, made this comment on McAuliffe-Carney contest at Revere Beach, Mass., Nov. 16, 1887: "Ring broken into; Carney had best; battle never finished."

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

BOXING has made considerable strides during the month and activity has improved to a great extent in all divisions. Jack Sharkey still remains at the head of the helm in the quest for heavyweight honors. He scored decisively over K. O. Cristner in a corking scrap at the Garden and came through gallantly at the finish, overwhelming Christner with his furious finish.

Young Stribling disposed of five mediocre foes during the month, not one going over three rounds. Sully Montgomery went two, Jack League one, Art Malay the third, Ralph Smith three and Tommy Stone two. George Godfrey, the Man Mountain, finished Francisco Cruz in two rounds but was disqualified in his tussle with Al Walker in the third for being too rough. Max Schmeling, latest German sensation, whipped Joe Sekyra and finished Pietro Corri in one and stopped Risko in nine rounds. He has advanced from nowhere to fifth place in my ranking of heavyweights.

Corri was also beaten by Battling Levinsky. Levinsky was disqualified in the fifth round of his go with Otto Von Porat and later was stopped in the Herman Weiner in the first round and announced his retirement from the ring. A great figure, and one who will be sorely missed. Von Porat finished Tom Sayers in three rounds in another fray.

Johnny Risko, Cleveland Rubber Man, scored over Tut Jackson in a bout that went the full distance, but Risko was stopped by Schmelling in the ninth in New York. Babe Hunt drew with Big Boy Peterson, won over Angus Snyder and stopped Tom Pivac in eight rounds. Emmett Rocco bested Big Bill Hartwell but was beaten by Jack Gross at the Garden.

Phil Scott was declared the victor on a foul over Ted Sandwina in the fifth round at London, England. Victorio Campolo, Argentinian heavy prospect, added a notable victory to his list when he stopped George Cook in nine rounds. Con O'Kelly stopped George Gemas in three rounds. Long Tom Hawkins won over Bearcat Wright, Armand Emanuel whipped Harry Dillon, Jimmy Byrne humbled Frankie Wine while Benny Touchstone stopped Jimmy Francis in the third round.

LEO LOMSKI scored over James J. Braddock for the honor of being the outstanding light-heavyweight contender at Madison Square Garden. Tuffy Griffiths finished George Gemas in two heats. Jimmy Slattery kayoed Jimmy Mahoney in the third.

Maxey Rosenbloom won over Jack McVey. Tiger Payne came through in great form by stopping Vijo Doman in nine rounds, Leo Mitchell in seven rounds and conquered Yale Okun and George Courtney. Charley Belanger stopped Nando Tassi in four heats but was turned back by Larry Gaines, colored Canadian heavyweight.

Roy Williams finished Benny Ross in the fifth round. Lew Scozza scored over Jimmy Mahoney. Osk Till stopped Tilly Kid Herman in six and Earl Blue in the second sessions.

Rosy Rosales won over Pat Freeman in four rounds and kayoed Swede Johnson in the first. Babe McGorgary bested Ray Still. George Manley kayoed Jackie Williams in two sessions. Roleaux Saguero stopped Willie Walker in six rounds Roy Hootburger disposed of Sergt. Billy Archer in three heats.

Harry Ebbets, Freeport walloper, whipped Joe Zelinsky and knocked out Willie Oster in the first round. Vincent Forgione and Jack McVey both split decisions during the month. Johnny Mason was credited with getting the verdict over Frankie Schoell.

Frank Moody flattened Leone Jacovacci in five rounds at Scotland while Marcel Thil whipped Ivan Laâneur at Paris. Al Webster kayoed Paul Delaney in four periods. Bert Colima scored over Wolcott Langford.

Floyd Hybert defeated Wilson Yarbo but was held even by George Perotta. Joe Feldman kayoed Joey Smith in the second round at Erie.

JOE DUNDEE is still enjoying the welterweight throne but has his troubles. After whipping Johnny Roberts he was trounced by Al Mello at Boston in an overweight contest. Jackie Fields trimmed Jack McCarthy at Chicago. Young Jack Thompson disposed of Red Herring in seven and Harry Dudley in six heats.

Gorilla Jones flattened Arturo Schakels in one round and returned to defeat him on points. Sammy Baker outpointed Charley Long and Frisco McGale on the Pacific Coast. Nick Testo kayoed Joey Reynolds in the fourth round. Johnny Indrisano, Boston crack, came back and defeated Larry Brignolia after being on the sidelines for a year due to a fractured jaw.

My Sullivan won over Al Van Ryan and Bobby Tracey, who was beaten again by Meyer Grace. Grace followed up with a win over Sam Bruce. Vince Dundee outpointed Young Ketchell. Eddie Roberts recovered by knocking out Billy Lang in two rounds. Canada Lee bested Billy Drako but was beaten by Billy Murphy. Billy Algers kayoed Joey Silvers in the first while Tony Vaccarelli and Izzy Grove battled to a draw.

Jimmy McLarnin made a successful beginning in the junior welterweight class by humbling Joe Glick. Bruce Flowers kayoed Eddie Guida in nine rounds.

RATINGS ENDING MONTH OF JANUARY

The following are my ratings of boxers for the month ending January 31

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior Welterweights
1—Jack Sharkey	Tommy Loughran	Mickey Walker	Joe Dundee	Mushy Callahan
2—Young Stribling	Leo Lomski	Ace Hudkins	Al Mello	Jimmy McLarnin
3—George Godfrey	James J. Braddock	Rene De Vos	Jackie Fields	Baby Joe Gans
4—Paulino Uzcudun	Tuffy Griffiths	George Courtney	Young Jack Thompson	Bruce Flowers
5—Max Schmeling	Jimmy Slattery	Dave Shade	Gorilla Jones	Jackie Brady
6—Tom Heeney	Maxey Rosenbloom	K. O. Phil Kaplan	Sammy Baker	Lope Tenorio
7—K. O. Christner	Tiger Jack Payne	Harry Ebbets	Jack Hood	Stanislaus Loayza
		Mason	Billy Light	Ruby Goldstein
		Schoell	My Sullivan	San Bruce
		Vey	Johnny Indrisano	Paul Pirrone

rweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
utis	Bushy Graham	Izzy Schwartz
ss	Fidel La Barba	Emile Pladner
gor	Al Brown	Frankie Genaro
a	Teddy Baldock	Johnny Hill
Zorilla	Kid Francis	Frenchy Bellanger
	Joe Scalfaro	Newsboy Brown
or	Archie Bell	Willie Davies
	Young Nationalista	Midget Wolgast
late	Tommy Paul	Steve Rocco
ro	Johnny Vacca	Ernie Peters

Kid Francis won over California Joe Lynch but was turned back by Earl Mastro, Chicago's great youngster. Joe Scalfaro kayoed Johnny McGregor in three rounds. Soldier Dombrowski beat Bobby Booth but was held even by Archie Bell who kayoed Billy Britton in seven rounds. Tommy Paul whipped Frankie Genaro and Johnny Vacca scored over Armand Lavigne and Willie Cubic.

Frenchy Bellanger whipped Steve Rocco for the Canadian flyweight title. Willie Davies beat Marty Gold and Art Giroux. Giroux came back to whip Harry Goldstein. Newsboy Brown won over Ernie Peters while Midget Wolgast humbled Marty Gold.

BUFFALO BREEZES

By HUGH SHANNON

MEYER GRACE, the Chicago bulldog, made a big showing here against Sam Bruce, the flashy negro. Grace was a surprise when he whipped the colored boy, who previously had been a consistent winner. A week later Grace came back to town to outpoint Bobby Tracey in a hurricane go.

Grace and Frankie Schoell would be a pippin of a go.

Ray C. Alvis, manager of Young Jack Thompson, is trying hard to get Champion Joe Dundee in the ring. Thompson has boxed in Buffalo since stopping the welter king. He scored three knockouts here, stopping Sam Bruce, Red Bragan and Red Herring.

Thompson and Frankie Schoell would make a great fight here.

Jimmy Slattery won over Jim Mahoney and in a second meeting "Slats" stopped Mahoney in three rounds. Slattery and Lou Scozza is a fine local match. Scozza is ready and anxious to fight Slattery for the Buffalo light-heavyweight title.

The Crescent club put on a bangup card of bouts at the Broadway auditorium on Jan. 25. In three ten round bouts Tommy (Kid) Murphy defeated Freddie Mueller; Meyer Grace won from Bobby Tracey and Young Jack Thompson scored a knockout over Jimmie (Red) Herring.

Boxers desiring work in Buffalo write Hugh Shannon, matchmaker, Crescent A. C., 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Dempsey in four rounds. Phil Zwick won over Sammy Shack and kayoed Sailor Larson in six rounds. Midget Mike O'Dowd won over Jackie Rodgers.

Billy Evans beat Johnny Datto. Al Greenfield triumphed over Dixie La Hood at Chicago. Ignacio Fernandez won over Joey Thomas on the Coast. Kid Williams, frmer bantamweight champion, scored over Bobby Garcia. Carl Tremaine, another veteran, bested John De Neri. Knud Larsen won over Luigi Quadrini for the featherweight championship of Europe.

Fidel La Barba started his Australian campaign by kayoing Mac McAlister in the fourth round. Al Brown flattened Tiger Humery in the first session in Paris.

Around The Metropolis

New York Jottings

By LEFT JAB

HERR MAX SCHMELING is the pugilistic man of the hour. There is no stopping the Teuton heavyweight. Not only does a fortune stare him in the face, but the so-called German Dempsey is headed for the vacated heavyweight throne.

All one needs in the Manly Art is a break. Consider the case of Maxie. A year ago the youngster, who learned how to weave like Dempsey and box a la Tunney by digesting the movies of the Chicago Long Count battle, was knocked out by Gypsy Daniels, a third or fourth rater.

Schmeling came to America with Arthur Bulow, a German sports writer. Hard luck smacked them right in the face. Max was laid up several months with a bad hand.

Bulow was as broke as a janitor's widow. To make both ends meet he sold "pieces" of his 40 percent. They were desperate.

It was not until Schmeling bowled over Joe Monte, the strong boy from Boston, that old managerial heads and fans alike sat up and took notice. The only newspaper booster Schmeling had was Paul Gallico, sports editor of The News. Paul stuck to him through thick and thin.

Those who didn't get in on the first floor, as it were, looted for someone to come along and stop the foreign menace dead in his tracks. They fed him Joe Skeyra. The Dayton Bohemian received the shellacing of his young life. "Wow, this boy Schmeling is the goods," experts and fans alike agreed.

Schmeling's next start was in Newark, N. J., where he knocked out Pietro Corri in less time than it takes to tell it. To be more exact Max finished the Italian in one minute and two seconds. Corri was 11½ pounds heavier than the German.

Bulow, by this time, was out of the picture so far as managing his pride and joy was concerned. Joe Jacobs made the Sekyra, Corri and Johnny Risko matches. Max swears by Joe.

* * *

A RECORD Garden crowd saw Schmeling annihiliate what remained of the once invincible Rubber Man, Risko. The bout was staged on February 1. He not only floored Risko four times but stopped him after one minute and five seconds of the ninth of ten scheduled rounds. Arthur Donovan, the referee, humanely intervened.

Schmeling was the favorite at the juicy odds of 2½ to 1. Short right hand crosses, the same as Sam Langford used, finished Risko. It was a great battle from start to finish.

After the fight Philadelphia Jack O'Brien informed ye humble scribe that Schmeling is "Tunney from the neck up, and Dempsey from the neck down." He went on to predict that Max would be a greater fighter than either of the two former champs, for O'Brien sees in him all the best features of each.

They say Schmeling hasn't a good left hand. Poppycock. He has everything.

He showed he could take it when Risko staggered him with long left hooks to the body and right crosses kerplunk on the whiskers. Hadn't Johnny gotten so fresh, he might have gone the limit. The audacity of the Clevelander got under Schmeling's skin and when he opened up Johnny probably wished he had never toed the mark with Max. True, Risko fought courageously, but he was no match for the German.

Ten thousand potential customers couldn't get in the place. Half of the immense crowd contained new German boxing fans. They got the thrill of their lives. The next time Schmeling shows in Tex Rickard's arena, they'll have to call out the reserves and rope off the place on all four sides.

If he could have placed his bets Leo P. Flynn would have cleaned up a fortune. He was so sure Schmeling was going to win that he raised the price to 3 to 1 but Risko money was as scarce as hen's teeth.

Some of the credit for Schmeling's winning streak goes to old Doc Casey, his trainer. The bald-headed Irishman who conditioned Jack Delaney for all his fights, has accomplished wonders for the Teuton. no mistake about that!

He also trains Andre Routis, the featherweight king. Jacobs made a ten strike when he hired Casey to condition his stable of fighters.

* * *

PARODY DAVE BROWN, who has more than a rooting interest in Ray Miller, is managing two good prospects in Harry Smith, former amateur

* * *

The Broadway Arena in Brooklyn was shut down for several weeks because of bad business. It recently reopened after matchmaker Johnny Attell defeated a bad attack of flu. Promoter Ben Feinberg is confident he will break even before the outdoor season.

Dick Dunn, promoter of the Olympia in Detroit, denies emphatically that he has been supplanted by matchmaker Scotty Montieth. Dick saw the Schmeling-Risko fight. He says he has a three-year contract with the owners.

The new Detroit arena has paid ever since it opened a couple of years ago with the corking ten round scrap between Tom Heeney and Johnny Risko. Dunn used to be door man for John Chapman for his bike races. Chapman got him the Detroit job.

Ray Miller's knockout streak was broken into a few nights ago in Detroit when Tommy Grogan stayed ten rounds with him, a return match, at Detroit. Miller received the decision. In their previous meeting Grogan floored Ray, so they tell us, eleven times. Then Ray knocked him for a goal.

Miller won and lost to Joe Glick, beat Mike Dundee, flattened Sid Terris in one heat at Coney Island; stopped Lope Tenorio and Jimmy McLarnin. He is acknowledged to be the greatest left hooker in the business. He was originally a southpaw. More on Mr. Miller in next month's issue.

* * *

TOM McARDLE has set a record for net receipts in the five months he has been the new Garden matchmaker that may not be equalled, let alone surpassed.

Since October 5, Tom's headline attractions have brought in $679,783 into the Garden's coffers—an average of $10,000 a week profit. The profits on a 25 percent basis total $159,949.

The fights and receipts follow:

Grogan-Glick	$39,321
De Vos-Kaplan	20,520
Paulino-Van Porat	39,649
Glick-Baby Joe Gane	56,683
Kaplan-Ebbets	20,614
Griffiths-Braddock	53,836
Singer-Canzoneri	59,955
Maloney-O'Kelly	28,876
Hudkins-De Vos	64,499
Schmeling-Sekyra	37,114
McLarnin-Glick	63,574
Lomski-Braddock	55,923
Sharkey-Christner	73,199
Risko-Schmeling	66,000
	$679,783

LORD LONSDALE is no more. The famous English sportsman is very much alive, etc., but his picture no longer adorns the walls of the late Tex Rickard's office in the new Garden. Colonel John S. Hammond is now esconsed in the fine office. Some light-fingered souvenir hunter sneaked into the colonel's sanctum sanctorum the other day and lifted the Lonsdale picture. The thief had his choice of Cal Coolidge, Al Smith, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, a gang of Wall Street financiers, newspaper owners and what not, but he passed them all up in favor of his lordship. The gallery of pictures is the finest in the land.

The 106th Infantry, Brooklyn, is a veritable gold mine. The "gate" averages $3,000 every Friday. Matchmaker Marty Postal is doing excellent work. He uses one champion on every program. The armory titleholders are Benny Tell, bantam; Sammy Tisch, feather; Mickey White, light; Eddie (Kid) Whalen, welter, and Nick Palmer, middleweight.

Leo Greenbaum, who is in the poultry business, is buying up all the armory fighters he can lay his hands on. The other day Tex Sullivan, Colonel Hammond's head office boy in the Garden, sold Joe Rocco down the river to Mr. Greenbaum for three hundred slugs, which if you don't understand is $300 in American currency. Leo didn't pay him off in chickens because Tex is an old poultry hand himself—on 116th Street and Eighth Avenue.

Harry Newman, publicist of the 22nd Engineers, 102nd Medical regiment and the 212th Anti-Aircraft armory, is the best dressed man in Richmond Hill, N. Y. All he needs is a uniform and then we'll have to make our bows such as "how do you do Major Newman?" or "can you let us have a little dough Colonel Newman?" Newman's prop answer is "No." Newman has done wonders in building up the armory boxing.

One of the best armory prospects is Lew Massey, a hard hitting featherweight from Philadelphia. He recently trounced Vic Burrone, Johnny Sheppard, Joe Rocco and Johnny Huber.

Harry Grayson, boxing expert of The Evening Telegram, is nursing an injured leg. He slipped on the ice while tramping the streets for news and had to take to bed.

Benny Valgar, New Yorker who is a member of Bill McCarney-Joe Jacobs stable, has made a hit in France. Bill is all het up over the clippings he has received telling how the French fight fans have taken to Valgar and his cleverness.

BILLY AMES appears to have another corking good middleweight prospect in Marshall Leach of Gary, Ind., or "Gary Leach" as he is now known. The youngster recently knocked out tough Johnny Haystack in seven rounds in Syracuse. A tall, rangy lad, standing 6 feet, 1 inch in altitude, Leach is scaling at present in the vicinity of 160 pounds, but is growing rapidly and in another year or so probably will be a light heavyweight.

Ames' other middleweight youngster, Binghamton Joe Zelinski, dropped a ten-round decision to Harry Ebbets in Hoyoke, but lost little, if any prestige, by the defeat. Ebbets was too seasoned for him. Zelinski is only a kid and still lacks the experience to cope with ringsters of Ebbets' calibre. He's a whale of a prospect, is Binghamton Joe, and will bear a lot of serious watching.

If present plans materialize Jersey Jones, who has been handling the hockey publicity for Madison Square Garden this winter, will return to the fight racket this coming summer and operate in Binghamton. Jersey has always been sweet on Binghamton as a fight town, and believes that the Parlor City, given the right sort of attractions, would be one of the finest spots in New York State for the leather-pushers.

Jersey City, which has given such stars as Joe Shugrue, Frankie Burns and Johnny Buff to the fistic world, has another great kid in Irish Bobby Brady, a featherweight who packs one of the heftiest clouts in the 126-pound ranks. Irish Bobby, in his Madison Square Garden debut sometime ago, turned in a sensational knockout of Tony Pellegrino. A damaged right hand kept the youngster on the sidelines for several weeks after that performance, but since returning to service he has beaten Joe Malone and Pete Zivic, dropping both opponents for counts.

Frank Moody, the walloping Welshman, chalked up the 101st knockout victory of his career when he toppled Leone Jaccovacci, the Italian colored star, in five rounds in Edinburgh. Jaccovacci, or "Jack Walker" to call him by the name he was known by when in the United States a few years ago, was the European middleweight champion, and had three times taken decisions from Rene DeVos, so Moody's victory was something of a sensation. Still, no performance turned in by Frank should be a surprise. He is a terrific puncher as his knockouts of Lou Bogash, Kid Norfolk, Tony Marullo, Pat McCarthy and others in this country attest.

Sammy Tisch, N. Y. National Guard bantam and feather kings.

MEMPHIS AND VICINITY

By EARL W. McGRORY

Billy Britton of Memphis, scored two hurry-up knockouts over "Big Boy" Blanchard of Blythevile, Ark., in successive weeks. The first bout lasted two rounds, while the second one went out in the first round.

At Crosstown, Tenn., Luther Orr of Memphis, stopped Malcolm Quinley.

At Memphis, Young Stribling stopped Sully Montgomery in two rounds.

In another bout on the Stribling card Louis Andrews showed a complete reversal of form after his defeat by Eddie Wolfe and stopped Tiger Flynn of Memphis, in three rounds. Andrews gave Flynn a terrific beating for two rounds and finally ended it in the third.

On the last card of the month at Memphis, Buster Mallini stopped Tod Smith of Canton, Ohio, in four rounds. Mallini had Smith on the canvas seven or eight times before he was counted out.

Morgan Wiles, local business man, is the best posted man regarding old-time battles in this section. Wiles has the correct dope on boxing almost from the time the sport was recognized.

DOINGS IN DETROIT

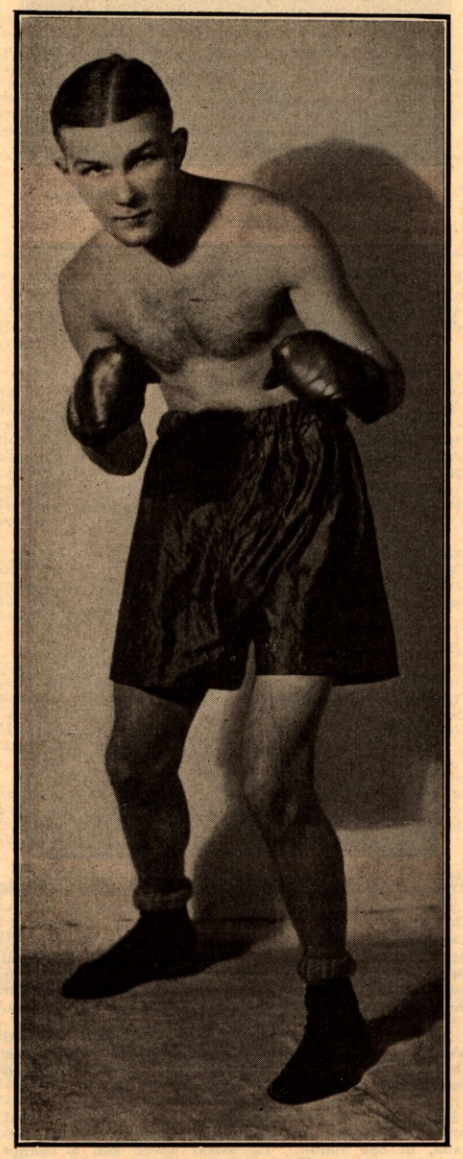
By MICKEY McINTYRE

BYRON FOUTTS, Midland, Pa., fight promoter, is now handling the ring destinies of Jack Zivic. Byron also manages Frankie Porto, Andy Tomosky, Boo Ryan and Les Darcey.

Soldier Dombrowski easily defeated Bobby Booth of Toronto in a ten round contest at Danceland. Dombrowski used his right hand for the first time, and it was a howling success. The Soldier himself was more surprised at seeing it work than Booth was.

Texas Kid Kober fought a hard eight round drew with Rudy Thomas of Detroit. Both boys are good punchers and it was a fight well worth seeing.

Ken Martindale of Detroit outpunched Jack Dunseith, also of this city, in one of the six round preliminaries. Ken has improved quite a bit since he made his Detroit debut against Gordon Smith.



Frenchy Bellanger, Canada's star flyweight.

Johnny Mellow has improved one hundred per cent. Johnny has been fighting quite a bit around McKeesport, Pa., as he is a great card there. In recnt fights Johnny beat Terry Lingo, Freddie Fitzgerald and Phil Goldstein.

Don Burchard made a rally in the last few rounds that gained him a decision over Gans McKay at the Fairview A. C. McKay had Don going in the first couple of rounds but was unable to finish his man.

Al Ramaunt pasted Carl Beers in the six round semi-final. Remaunt won every round but the third. Beers had slipped quite a bit. In his last fights he was beaten by Ken Martindale, Jack Dunseith, and was held to a draw by Whitey Gorsline.

Ad Kuhlow stopped Henry Rosenberg in the third heat. This was a real clowning match. However both are inexperienced and it was kind of funny.

Billy Preston handed George Vivian a neat pasting in six rounds. They are junior welterweights. Preston was easily the best and brainiest boxer on the card and should be heard from.

The whole card was made up of Detroit talent except Jack Ballow, of Norfolk, Va., who drew with Jimmy Crawford in the opening preliminary.

Frank Cavella writes from Akron that he and Tom Lennon are managing K. O. Christner, Al Walthers, Alex Simns, Carl Cavella, Johnny Wilde, and several others. Well they sure have a comer in this Christner guy.

Frankie Grover easily defeated Freddie Bernard in a ten round welterweight fight at Mt. Clemons. Grover was too experienced for the youthful Freddie. However with a little more experience Freddie should prove as good as his illustrious brother, Roger.

Eddie Le Roy is here and expects to get fights with Eddie Koppy, Johnny Franks or Johnny Minella in the next few days. Le Roy is a hard hitting southpaw and he holds the distinction of stopping Tommy Paul of Buffalo, who beat Frankie Genaro.

One of the greatest cards ever staged in Detroit was held on the evening of January 11 at the Olympia. Sammy Mandell was one of the ringside spectators. The whole card was a beautv.

In the main bout Ray Miller knocked out Tommy Grogan in the fourth round. However he did not do this without getting a real scare himself.

The second round was about half way over and Miller ran into a series of rights and lefts and went to the floor. He arose at nine and ran into another stream of blows. This time he was up without a count. He was floored twice more and both times he looked to be out. The last time he went down he barely arose in time. However Grogan could not keep his man down and in the third and fourth rounds Grogan had a new opponent to face.

While watching the moving pictures of the fight Miller said, "I never saw a man do so many crazy things in my life." Grogan had failed to do with fifty punches what Miller did with one.

In the semi-windup of six rounds Carl Mazzola received the decision over Johnny Franks. The decision was unpopular as Franks forced the fighting and landed as many blows as Mazzola.

The bad decision on the card was in the Soldier Dombrowski-Archie Bell contest. Dombrowski was clearly the better man and he was the better at every style of fighting, only to have referee Hennessy call the bout a draw. Soldier Dombrowski leaped in one bound to a coveted position on the fistic ladder.

Cecil Payne of Louisville shaded Billy Shaw of Detroit. Payne was the aggressor and Billy was content to counter when the Kentuckian missed.

Texas Kid Kober scored a technical knockout over Jimmy Le Duca of New York when Le Duca refused to answer the bell for the sixth round.

Morris Baker and Morris Sherman, Detroit Welter, clashed in an eight round bout at the New West Side A. C., and Sherman was the victor. Sherman's experience was too much for the youthful Baker.

Charlie Moore has been getting some big fights for his boys. Charlie had Chuck Doris in with Tuffy Griffiths; Ward Sparks fought Earl Mastro, and Tom Sayer boxed Otto Van Porat. Both Sayers and Doris were stopped, while Sparks made a very credible showing.

Bobby Amster would like to get a fight with either Ray Miller or Tommy Grogan. Amster has fought and beaten some of the best in his division, and is confident he could beat either of the above mentioned.

At Danceland Frankie Young won the flyweight championship of Michigan from Jimmy Russo in ten rounds. Young is now matched to fight Steve Rocco here on February 20.

Sparky Joey Russell of Newark did not have much trouble with Benny Ray of River Rouge in the eight round semi-windup. Ray is a classy boy, however, and should be heard from. They are lightweights.

At Jackson Johnny Risko of Cleveland pasted Tut Jackson of Washington Court House, O., in ten rounds. The fight showed that Risko has slipped a lot. Risko only floored Jackson twice, although he won every round.

In the eight round semi-windup Sammy Lupica, Toledo, defeated Mike Keller of Columbus.

Steve Nugent, stablemate of Risko, defeated Ted Blade of Toledo in a six round preliminary.

Jackie Nichols won on a foul from Roger Bernard in the fifth round of a bout at Lansing.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By MURRAY McCLEAN

MICKEY ANDERT, one of St. Paul's former crack featherweights, is now working for the A. B. Dick Co. and doing very well. Micky carries no marks of his many battles in the squared circle.

Minnesota has a new light heavyweight in Zip Zitzer of Crookston, who is advancing rapidly. Zitzer came down to the twin cities without any blare of trumpets and all he asked for was work. He has taken on any of them that he has been asked to meet and with one exception he has won all of his fights. In spilling Cowboy Sanders all over the canvas and stopping Billy Leonard and Bud Soltis, he has shown steady improvement and now has the boys talking about him.

Earl Kane, youthful Minneapolis manager, now that his bantam weight Jackie Sharkey has won a few fights, is getting offers from other managers who wish to buy the boy. Sharkey is a whiz of a prospect. He has done very well with Ernie Peters of Chicago and Britt Gorman of Minneapolis. Earl wants to keep his pet all to himself.

Johnny Nichols has also had offers to sell his featherweight prospect, Wayne Short, but wants all the fun and grief for himself. Although Short was recently defeated by Jack Nitti, he is still just as good a prospect as he was before the fight, and in the opinion of the writer, a much better prospect than Nitti.

Mike Mandell has been forced to turn down some very good offers on account of injuring his hand in his bout with Harry Dillon.

Wildcat Eddie Mason, who has been on the sidelines for some time due to illness, has also resumed training.

Louis Le May, Mendota middleweight, who packs a terrific wallop, is back in harness.

Russie Le Roy of Fargo has again gone under the management of Jack Hurley of Fargo, Duluth and sometimes of New York City. Hurley brought out Le Roy and knows him like a book and Le Roy should be able to do much better with Hurley than any other pilot.

Solly Goldstein of Minneapolis, who used to have a stable of battlers, but who has been out of the game for a number of years, is now a manager and located at Grand Rapids, Mich. Solly writes in that he has taken over Len Darcy, a middleweight, and wants the world to know that he craves action.

On December 28 Mike Collins featured Dick Daniels of Minneapolis and Jack McCann of Bismarck, N. D., in Minneapolis, and Daniels won hands down.

Britt Gorman, Minneapolis flyweight southpaw, and Ernie Peters of Chicago fought a ten round draw.

Mike Gibbons brought Dixie La Hood here from Montana and he out-pointed Davey Atler of Fort Snelling chiefly because Atler ran out of gas.

In the other bouts Billy Freeman, colored, completely outboxed Jack Carroll. Carroll can hit, but he mostly misses and Freeman does not miss, but he cannot hit. Al Fuhrman, Flea Husten's new middleweight, won over Roy Michaelson and looked very good.

On January 4 Jerk Doran at St. Paul ran one of the best shows ever seen in this city. In the main event My Sullivan beat Bobby Tracy of Buffalo.

In the semi-windup Dick Watzl and Mike Sauro fought a slashing fight with Sauro winning.

The best and most pleasing event of the evening was furnished by Spud Murphy of Moorhead and Jackie Cameron of St. Paul, junior lightweights. Cameron floored Murphy in the first round and it looked like curtains for Spud, but he weathered through and then came back to outbox Cameron and score a knockdown in the sixth. He won the fight. Jack Nitti fought like a whirlwind to beat Wayne Short in four rounds and Joe Fuhrman won another, this time over Frankie Soltis. Zip Zitzer of Crookston, knocked out Bud Soltis in the third round of an interesting fight.

On January 11, at Minneapolis, Dick Daniels was knocked out by Del Fountain of Winnipeg in the first round. Daniels has been rushed too fast. It is a question of just how much harm this kayo will do to Daniels who is without a doubt a wonderful heavyweight prospect. His father has been looking after his affairs without the assistance of an experienced manager and Twin City sport writers have warned them time and time again that he was being rushed along too fast.

The other bouts were good with Jackie Sharkey, another fine prospect in the bantam class, winning over Mike Valentine of Duluth; Joe Fuhrman of St. Paul beating Roy Michaelson of Minneapolis again, this time in six rounds; Jimmy Gibbons stopped Mike Kalamis of Duluth in the first round. Bob Louthain beat Ed Gottwig in four and Soldier Duane beat Harry Mueller in four.

Armand Emanuel, clever Hebrew heavyweight from San Francisco, won the newspaper decision over Harry Dillon of Winnipeg at the last show held in Minneapolis.

Roy Michaelson, Pete Rieves' clever welterweight, stopped Red Carr of Winnipeg in the second round and looked very good. Jimmy Gibbons of St. Paul beat Tommy Havel again in six rounds; Jack Duane stopped Jack Nietz in two; Urban Liberty won over Eddie Nemo and Joe Fuhrman won over Jack Palm.

At the last St. Paul show My Sullivan gave Al Van Ryan a whale of a whipping, knocking Van through the ropes in the very first round. Sullivan fought like a champion.

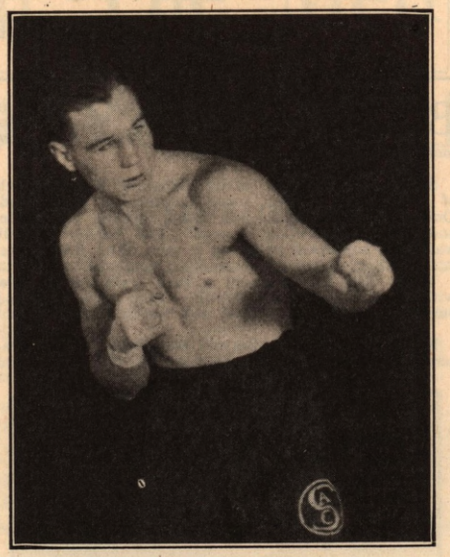
Spud Murphy of Moorhead, Leo Kossick's great prospect, knocked out Dixie La Hood of Butte, Montana, in one round. La Hood never had a chance with the clever Spud. Jackie Cameron won over Ernie North of Waterloo but North gave him a great fight. Johnny Ciccone of Duluth won over Red Fry, Jackie Nitti won over Mickey Gill and Herman Rashke of South Dakota stopped George Asmus in one round.

The rush for heavyweight prospects is on here. Wm. Wolfson of Minneapolis has one named Ed Gottwig; Jack Brouwers has a giant from South Dakota who measures six feet seven inches and weighs two hundred and thirty-five pounds, named Herman Rashke, and Johnny Nichols has one and the other managers are looking for them.

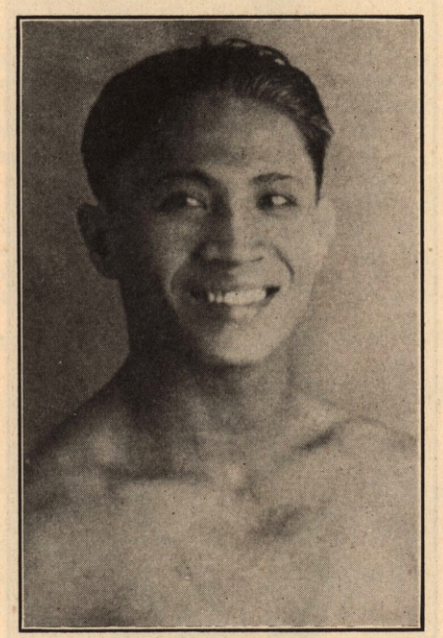
The Twin Cities are now running three or four amateur shows per week. It takes the amateur shows to bring out the youngsters of today who are the fighters of to-morrow. Strange though it may seem the gates at the bigger shows are greater when the amateur shows are flourishing.

The writer will be glad to furnish information about this territory to those that will write in and ask tor it, but this Scotchman is not using his own stamps, and those that expect to get replies had better enclose the postage.

COMING ALONG



Jack McTiernan, Pittsburgh Welter



Polo Perfecto, Filipino flyweight who is now in Des Moines

IN ST. JOSEPHS, MISSOURI
By OPIE I. KING

THE Armour Men's Social Club, St. Joseph, Missouri, staged a highly successful boxing show January 18; the bouts resulting as follows:

Joe Trabon of Kansas City and Benny Burns of Akron, Ohio, boxed a draw in the ten rounds. This was the greatest fight ever seen in the Middle West and, in the opinion of many ringsiders who had seen the Ace Hudkins-Micky Walker Chicago fight and other famous mills, it was on a par and was packed full of more action than any of them.

Battling Nelson of Waterloo, Ia., and Brownie Turman of Wichita, Kansas, met in the eight round semi-final, Nelson winning by a shade. The bout was tame.

The preliminary results follow:

Tiger Miller kayoed Steve Smith in second round; Kid Lehr and Steve Ketchell drew in a slashing bout; Pep Justo stopped George Harris in third round; Phil Drowns beat Eddie Ostrander.

Boxing is now conceded the major professional sport in St. Joseph, Miss. Although the city boasts the champion amateur basketball team of the U. S. the attendance has been so poor that scheduled games have been moved to other cities. Professional baseball has had a checkered career. Last season the city was entirely devoid of anything in the baseball line.

But the boxing game has been kept alive through the efforts of the Armour Men's Social Club. The Club was established in 1923 and Warren E. Garlichs is now promoting. Such boxers as Tommy Grogan, Joe Trabon, Benny Burns, Warnie Smith, and other boxers of national repute, have appeared before the club, and patronage is drawn from a wide area.

TRENTON FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

RAY STILL of Arizona won on a foul from Dave Shade in the seventh round. The foul blow was purely accidental as Shade led in every round.

Maurice Goltzner of France proved himself to be a good fighter when he won as he pleased over Marcel Zavella in the eight round semi.

Tiger Nelson of Perth Amboy won over Manus Hartman of Trenton by a knock-out in the first round. A right to the chin did the trick.

Chick Emmons won over Main Street Jones in a hard fought six rounder, both of these boys are of Trenton.

Bad Company Manning of Trenton scored a three round knockout over Bill Goddard of Baltimore. Both of these boys are heavyweights.

Young Terry, coming welterweight of Trenton, scored a decisive victory over Paulie Walker, also of Trenton, in ten rounds.

Willie Cubic of New York scored a sensational knock-out over Benny Tersista of Newark in the eighth round. Tersista managed to get up at nine. Cubic let go a left hook dropping him for keeps.

Johnny Oakey of Trenton has a K. O. chalked up against him as a result of his bout with Jackie Pry of Phila. Pry let go a right to the midsection, Oakey went down claiming a foul but the referee counted Oakey out. Commissioner Weiner ordered the pair to be rematched. This bout was held at the Arena in Phila.

Jesse Goss, Trenton lightweight, had things his own way in his bout with Tony Scortini of New Brunswick. A right hand uppercut was the main factor in Goss's victory.

Joe Pluhart of Bound Brook won over Johnny De Marco of Lambertville in a hard six rounder.

In his first appearance in Trenton in two years Danny Cooney of Roebling came back to win over Pinky Kaufman of New York in an eight round bout. Cooney won the hearts of Trenton fandom by his display of ringcraft and willingness to fight.

Young Oehlor of Hainesport won by a knock-out over Gene Emily of Camden in the second round of a scheduled six. A well timed left hook to the midsection spelled disaster for Gene.

Lew Melody scored a one-roun knock-out over Peter Russo. Both of these boys are of Trenton.

Steve Kalana scored a one-round knock-out over Danny Dimes, both of Trenton.

Alex Cohen's new training quarter has just been completed. It is called Olympic Gymnasium. It is right in the heart of Trenton and one of the nicest and best equipped Gym's in the state. Lots of luck with it Al.

Frankie Cabana beat Steve Toach in a four rounder.

Geo. Sacco of Trenton knocked out Phil Brenner of Newark in the fourth round at the Masonic Hall in New Brunswick.

IN CLEVELAND AND VICINITY
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

AL HAFT is promoting in the new Columbus, Ohio, Armory, which has a seating capacity of 6,500.

Suey Welch at Akron featured his headliner with Emmett Rocco, Italian heavyweight, and Big Bill Hartwell. Referee Johnny Griffith gave the fight to Rocco on a low blow, but the commission ordered him back in the ring, and the fight was resumed, Rocco winning the newspaper decision.

Matt Hinkel's show, featuring Gorilla Jones and Arturo Shackles at the Public Auditorium, ended in the first round, Jones crashing Shackles with a right cross after about two minutes fighting. The Belgian was counted out in his own corner. Joey Kauffman and Armando Shackles battled to a ten-round draw.

Gus Wilson's boy Michel also got a draw with Davey Abad. Rosie Rosales knocked out Swede Johnson from Detroit in the first round, while Tony Russell was awarded a decision over Paul Pirrone, who was disqualified for fouling.

Billy Jolly's Newcastle bowl was a sell out New Year's Day. Bill had a nice card, featured by Henry Firpo and Jack Dillon of Louisville. They battled ten rounds to a draw.

Tommy McGinty, who took over Tommy Freeman, is ready to sign Freeman for any of the top notchers. Freeman is a good, colorful fighter.

Phil Zwick is anxious to box Dominic Petrone. Zwick is a very good fighter, but is greatly handicapped by weght. He is a trifle too heavy for the bantams and too light for the feathers.

Jimmy Dunn has closed up his gym on West 25th Street and is working his stable at Chester and East 12th Street. He has Henry Firpo, a very good welterweight out of Louisville; Johnny Datto, featherweight; Micky Dugan, Joe Goodman of New York and Bill Beatty, the Louisville slasher, weighs 145, and several lesser lights. Jim is keeping the boys busy.

Bryan Downey has Johnny Rich, a flashy lightweight, who is a ringer for Bryan in the ring. He is now ready to meet the best boys n the lightweight dvision.

Downey has taken Nick Newman, Taylorville heavyweight, and is working with him every day. Nick is a good fighter if he will take his training seriously.

Danny Dunn, who has a good gym on Detroit Avenue at West 29th Street, has over 30 boxers working out daily with his big prize, Johnny Risko. Danny has another promising boy in Steve Nugent.

They are running popular price shows in the small hall of the Public Auditorium hoping to develop local talent, as outside of Billy Wallace and Johnny Karr, Phil Zwick and Rosales they are very few good cards around the Forest City. Paul Pirrone looks like a very promising boy.

Charley O'Connell has opened another large gymnasium on Euclid Avenue, where he has his stable working out as well as several other local fighters. Charley has a good heavyweight prospect in Eddie Simms.

Joe Peppers, a great fighter in his day, is still keeping Carl Tremaine going regularly.

Johnny Downs, former Cevleland light, has opened a gym here. He is running amateur shows weekly. He is doing very nicely.

Charley Marotta is also running amateur tournaments, as well as promoting wrestling at the Public Auditorium.

Charley has a very good assistant in Manny Robins.

Gus Wilson had a great time in Cleveland visiting his old friends there. He will be welcomed back.

Bill Miller, whose home is in Cleveland, was a welcome visitor during the holidays. He looked like a regular Jack Grace handlng his good fighter Kauffman.

Add Thacher's good fighter, Harry Evans, after being on the floor at Toledo two times, got up and won decisively over Johnny Datto.

Jimmy Russo, former New York flyweight, will probably take a trip to Cuba. He has received several offers.

Rosey Rosales is showing more class and color in every fight. In his last six fights he has scored 30 knockdowns and three knockouts.

Duke Barry feels pretty well peeved over his boy Rolleaux Saguerro losing to Rosales at Culver City a year ago, but Rosales is ready to give him a fight at any time or place.

Eddie Kane was in Detroit and feeling fine. His many Cleveland friends were upset over the report he was taken from a train seriously ill, but he is O.K. now.

Bill Beatty is anxious to get Babe Ruth and Johnny Ryan work around Cleveland. All the Louisville boys are heading North.

Tommy O'Neill, plucky little West Side featherweight, and Bobby Green, who is credited with fighting Mickey Walker, are both fighting under the colors of Mickey Conroy. O'Neill is a classy, two-handed fighter with plenty of fighting instinct and natural courage, and has proved his worth on many occasions. Mike is confident that he has two boys who will deliver the goods and is ready to get the best opponents for them.

Barney Wheatman and Irish Kane, partners in matters pugilistic, have opened a spacious gymnasium on the West Side and are competing with that other enterprise conducted by Charley O'Connell and Joe Kelly. Cleveland is large enough to support two gymnasiums and good luck is offered to both parties.

In addition to the gym, Barney and Irish are touting the cause of Phil Zwick, that dangerous, hard hitting featherweight contender, and Johnny De Neri, formerly of Rochester. Zwick has given Joey Sangor and Bud Taylor uncomfortable moments in their memorable battles and can punch like fury. De Neri is a promising youngster who has made steady progress.

Joe Feldman, sheiky scrapper, who confines his energies in many directions, appears to have finally mended his ways and is destined to face better things in life. He has settled down noticeably and has turned in four straight knockouts, not one fight going over two rounds. Feldman can punch and displays more cleverness than the average. Just give him time and you will be reading about him with more than passing interest.

HOUSTON AND VICINITY
BY ROBERT LEE CLARK

THE South has a fine welter prospect, a 142-pound fighting machine, labeled "Charlie Cobb." He came from the sticks down here, but so did Clyde Hull, who whipped Champion Pete Latso, and Cobb expects to do the same to Mushy Callahan.

Cobb is a real kayo artist and has made a great name for himself in Texas, New Mexico, California, Missouri, Kansas and many other States. Just recently at Fort Riley, Kansas, he knocked out Battling Chico of El Paso in the fifth round and this same Chico is just about the toughest boy El Paso has turned out in the last ten years. Only a week or two before the kayo of Chico, Cobb stowed away Battling Nelson at Sioux City, Iowa, in the first few seconds.

Out in California he cooled Ray Cardina, Jimmy Lundy and Johnnie Reisler, all in less than seven rounds each. Like Young Stribbling, Charlie receives all orders from his home—6201 Lyons Avenue, Houston. Watch this boy.

At Dallas, Howard Carr, Houston, conceded 9½ pounds and many inches to Joe Montana of Mexico and easily beat him. Carr has been in demand ever since he pasted Montana from pillar to post. Tommy Carpenter won from Jack Britt in four rounds. Jack Mitchell won from Buster Chastain and Basil Chastain drew with Battling Burroughs.

At Galveston, Kayo Brown, El Paso light heavyweight, won on a foul from Bob Lawson. Blondy Reeves won from Phil Pollock in eight rounds. Harry Basquez lost to Phil Podraza in six rounds and Kid Webb lost a close decision to Tony Castro.

Matchmaker Miles Strickland rematched Lawson and Brown and they packed the house on January 8. Lawson turned the tables this time and handily won. In another twelve-round melee, Billy Podraza of Houston easily won from Pedro Arvisu of Mexico. This bout stole the show. Dago Tragello lost to Tony Castro in a six-round preliminary, while Blondy Reeves took a decision from Eddie Schaffer in six.

Col. John W. Young, chairman of the Galveston Boxing Commission, paid Matchmaker Strickland and the club officials a deserving compliment when he stated to the newspapers "Not only was the card the best staged here in recent memory, but everything came off perfectly and the Texas National Club is conducting its programs so that citizens may with propriety bring their wives to these shows."

Under the guidance of Colonel Young, as good a friend as boxing has in the South, the game should make great strides during 1929.

At Dallas on January 10, Jimmy Watts of Atlanta koed Jack Matranga.

At San Antonio, on January 8, Tommy White won a decision from Ramon Macias. On January 21 Tommy White koed Charlie Goodman in three rounds, and Jimmy Wayne of Houston and Johnny Cruze drew in ten rounds.

At Baton Rouge, La., on January 25, Tommy White won a decision from Henry Jungle in 12 rounds.

At New Orleans, on January 18, Eddie (Kid) Wolfe, Memphis lightweight, lost to Joe Cook of New Orleans by a foul in the third round.

At New Orleans, on January 25, Young Stribling won by technical kayo from Homer Smith of California.

RING YARNS

IT will be remembered that when old Sam Langford was a young bearcat he and Jack Johnson met in a terrific 15-round set-to which neither of them will ever forget. So hot, in fact, was this bout that though Johnson towered high above Langford and outweighed him many pounds, he never would consent to give Sambo another chance.

In vain Langford trailed Jack everywhere and offered every inducement for another go. All his efforts for a ring bout came to naught, so Sam finally went scouting for Johnson determined to thrash him at the first opportunity, in or out of the ring.

Finally, Sam ran Jack to cover one night and proposed that they settle the question of supremacy at once. "All right, Sam," said Jack, apparently willing enough, "but jes you wait till ah hangs up mah coat, ah'll be right back." With that he vanished through a side door and Sam again was left out in the cold.

* * * * *

Believed He Was Hoodooed

THOUGH John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fought each other only twice, they were really matched to meet many times. On the occasion of what was to have been a four-round return bout in Madison Square Garden, Mitchell, walking down Broadway on the day preceding the night of the proposed fight, suddenly came face to face with a red-haired, cross-eyed woman, and turning suddenly about, ran as fast as his legs could carry him in the opposite direction; at the same time crying out:

"She nailed me with her bad eye and I'm hoo-dooed sure!" The contest was called off.

* * * * *

Sharkey, High Tempered

TOM SHARKEY, always high tempered, was an easy mark for the rooters when, on one occasion, he essayed to referee a bout.

"Quit squeezing your money so tight!" "Where did Jeffries hit you?" "Get out of that ring, Sharkey, here comes Fitz!" "Where did you learn to referee, you big Harp," were some of the things they yelled at the marine. And while Sharkey was making a dive for the fan who called him a Harp, another one yelled "Knockkneed wharf rat" at him. The sailor was wild with rage and could scarcely control himself.

The last straw came when a ringsider called him a Dutch A.P.A. This was too much for Tom, who yelled back: "You wouldn't dare call me that if this fight were over."

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Heard *and* Seen In *and* Near Chicago

By FRANKIE "MITT" MASTRO

JIM MULLEN and Howard ("Kid") Carr of the Arcade gym have made up. There has been a frostiness between the pair since the pre-war days. It prevailed up until several weeks ago when Mullen, through legal process, lost control of his luxurious gymnasium on Randolph street. Jim had about 99 per cent of the scrappers training there. When the sheriff moved in the battlers moved out and took up conditioning grinds at Howard's Arcade gym.

Many of the fighters stuck to Howard after Dave Barry took control of Mullen's ex-Randolph street property. When some celebrity of the roped square is working out at his place Howard introduces the celebrity. For several of these introductions Carr forgot to name the promoter if that impresario happened to be Mullen. Then one afternoon he added:

"This is a Mullen production, a Jim Mullen swatfest." Word of Howard's change of attitude reached Jim. He dispatched Carr two Annie Oakleys for his next show.

Sam Pian, manager of boxers, will probably be the 1930 big shot as a pilot. There was a time when Eddie Kane, Tommy Walsh and Nate Lewis held the rank of leading manager here, but Sam is moving ahead. Some days ago he gathered under his wing several local boys, graduates of the amateur classes. He nursed them along until today they stand as leading boxers. The lads are Joey Medill, lightweight; Earl Mastro, featherweight; Al Greenfield, junior flyweight, Solly Schuman, bantam, and Ernie Peters, flyweight.

All are Chicago boys and live on the west side.

MEDILL is the leading contender in the lightweight division. The East, which has nominated Ray Miller for that position, may dispute that assertion. The foundation of the writer's assertion is based on the fact that Mullen offered Miller $12,500 for a Medill bout and Ray showed his fear of Joey when he turned down Jim's big offer. Although Miller also hails from Chicago's west side the majority of the local ringworms believe Ray is made to order for the conqueror of Billy Wallace, Spug Myers and a host of lesser lights.

Another angle to the case is the coincidence that the two boys who are now looked upon as Sammy Mandell's foremst challengers were in the same stable. Pian brought Miller up from a $50 fighter, only to have Ray duck when the big money was in sight. Sam is bemoaning the fact that he let Medill work with Miller, one afternoon, for Ray must still remember the lacing Joey handed out.

Mastro has reached the top. His impressive defeat of "Kid" Francis, the Italian puzzle, at Los Angeles, was one of the fastest and most colorful exhibitions ever seen on the west coast. Francis was generally rated as one of the outstanding fighters in his class. The "Kid" was undefeated in this country previous to boxing Mastro. He holds decisions over Archie Bell, Pete Firpo, Ward Sparks and Young Nationalista, as well as Charley Pinto and Delos Williams.

Greenfield showed he belongs with the topnotchers in his division by knocking out the Louisville puncher, Jackie Dugan, and winning a verdict over Harry Dublinsky in two of his most recent starts.

Schuman is a former Central A. A. U. flyweight champion. Solly is yet to be beaten as a professional. He has whipped some of the best bantamweights in this part of the country.

Peters, who is an Indian, is the veteran of the group. And he is only twenty-four years of age. Ernie has met the leading 112-pounders with much credit to himself. The list includes Willie Davies, Newsboy Brown and Frankie Genaro. Ernie is easily the hardest hitting flyweight in the game.

IAN is the best handler of fighters the writer knows. Under his management these boys should all be on top of the pile within another 12 months.

Danny Delmont displayed in his scrap against George Kerwin here that he is dangerous for any of the 135-pounders. In the Kerwin encounter he showed that all he needs is one solid crack at his foe's chin with his right to win.

Ignacio Fernandez, the Filipino 126-pounder, is back in the loop from the Pacific slope. He is under the wing of Tommy Walsh.

Bud Taylor, former bantam weight champion who gave up his honors in the 118-pound class to mingle with the featherweights, was a busy young man during the past month. Bud started his comeback campaign with a victory over Billy Shaw. Then he met Bobby Dempsey, Al Singer and Earl Mastro.

Oscar Battiste, Sig Hart's colored heavyweight, is seeking a match with Otto Von Porat.

Joey Sangor, the Milwaukee junior lightweight, appeared behind the footlights for a week in his home town. Part of his act was a boxing session with sparring partners. It helped condition him for his combat opposite Tony Canzoneri at the Coliseum here.

Andy Sottile, Atlantic City lightweight, is in town under the management of "West Side" Jack O'Keefe.

Roy Williams' inability to make 170 pounds for Charley Belanger caused the latter's refusal to go to bat against the local battler.

Eddie Ballatin, North Side welterweight, easily defeated "Iowa Joe" Rivers of Cedar Rapids in his initial ten-round engagement.

"Tuffy" Griffiths, West Side light heavyweight, must have given Leo Lomski much trouble in their Detroit meeting.

Young Jack Thompson and Meyer Grace, who are managed by Ray Alvis, may soon be called the gold dust twins. They always appear in star bouts on the same bill.

After being out of the ring since last summer Sonny Lloyd, local 118-pounder, returned to the pugilistic wars in a combat against Genaro Pino of Cuba at Peru, Ill.

Roger O'Brien, West Side 147-pounder, is back in training after a minor throat operation.

Joe Coffey is promoting boxing productions at the Hippodrome Punch Bowl on the North Side. Johnny McMahon is matchmaker.

Jack Hurley, manager of Billy Petrolle, will move his offices from Duluth, Minn., to Chicago, according to word along the local fistic rialto.

Les Marriner, Chicago heavyweight, was one of the many who took in the Sharkey-Stribling struggle at Miami, Fla. He is ready for action once more after being on the shelf with a broken mauler for several weeks.

Johnny Meyers, middleweight wrestler, was to open a modern gym at 3933 Irving Park boulevard.

According to word from Milwaukee the "Shuffle" Callahan-Chief Jack Elkhart fracas was a fight that will be talked about for days to come. Many knockdowns featured the battle.

Tony Shea, 16-year old brother of Eddie Shea, is learning the manly art of self defense. In his amateur debut Tony scored a kayo.

Dick Mastro, 16-year old brother of Earl Mastro, and Tony, are being talked of as a match at one of the local "simon pure" shows. Dick has won eight of his nine amateur combats.

Harry Fierro, local battler, is going good in the bantamweight ranks.

Guy Little, Houston, Texas, 145-pounder, is here under the wing of Don Curley.

"My" Sullivan and Billy Light, once pals and stablemates, met in a ten-round bout at their home city, St. Paul.

Mike Esposito, New York featherweight who claims a ten-round draw with Tony Canzoneri, showed capable ring execution in performances here.

Mike Dundee, the Rock Island 130-pounder, is still going strong after a decade of ring work.

EDDIE SHEA and Jackie Fields, boyhood pals from Chicago's Ghetto, have boxed their way to within striking distances of the world's featherweight and welterweight titles. Ten years ago, when the pair attended school together, they were known as Eddie Donofio and Jakie Finkelstein.

Henry Lenard, South Chicago 126-pounder, received another big chance when he met Benny Bass at St. Louis.

Jimmy Murphy, ex-amateur welter here, made his second professional fight at Janesville, Wis., opposite Johnny Bush of Sheboygan.

"Seal Harris, 'Chicago's colored heavyweight,' is the most skillful boxer I have ever worked with," declares Tommy Loughran. Seal has an excellent record. In his brief and sensational career he has knocked out six topnotchers, won ten decisions and fought one draw.

Barney Abel, who besides managing Harris, guides the ring destinies of "K. O." White, dusky New Orleans middleweight. White, who is a pleasing battler, has fought seven consecutive windups at Davenport, Iowa. He gave "Tuffy" Griffiths two thrilling ten-round combats.

Jack Kearns, ballyhoo master, claims to have a super-Dempsey in one of his three heavyweights, who he calls the Athos, Porthos and Aramis of his fighting musketeers.

Eddie Seigel is anxious to adopt some good orphan who can use his mitts. Eddie has been going good with King Levinsky, an alley battler, and is anxious to gather a stable of fighters.

Paul Allen, South Side boxer, is still trying to make the grade in the lightweight class.

Sammy Shack, New York featherweight, wants to show here.

Jimmy Mollette, local welter, received his first test in topnotch company against Bucky Lawless at Buffalo, N. Y.

Augie ("Young") Zabish, Pittsburgh 138-pounder, is in the loop looking for work. He is one of those rare ringsters, a club fighter.

Jack White uses his back to advertise "Kid" Howard's gym at the various fight shows. Let White lose that sweater with the lettering and he's as good as fired.

TWO broken bones in his left hand have forced "Shuffle" Callahan, Chicago's wild swinging southpaw 160-pounder, to forego any fighting for another month.

Class will tell. So does ability assert itself. It is revealed again in the work of Jim Mullen, Chicago matchmaker and promoter. Recently he staged the Canzoneri-Santaigo tilt, a sell out house with 3,000 turned away. The Canzoneri-Sangor match later set a new record in boxing. He predicted that a week before that show he would have sold out every seat in the arena and that 5,000 fans would be clamoring for tickets. It is a record, one that even Tex Rickard could not boast of, to sell out an arena seven days before the fight.

Recalls Ketchel's Career

By HAROLD WALSH

THE ghost of Stanley Ketchel, considered by many as the greatest fighter of all time, will return to the ring this month after an absence of four months. The modern Ketchel is Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express who has been on the side lines since he injured his hands in his bout with King Tut last fall. In the mean time Billy underwent an operation for an abcess over his kidney and now is ready to resume his ring work.

The Northwest has produced a number of great fighters but in our opinion only a quartet stand out mong the ring immortals. They are Stanley Ketchell, Mike and Tommy Gibbons and Petrolle. Ketchel was by far the greatest until an assasin's bullet cut him down at the height of his career that ill-fated October morning, back in 1910, in the little town of Conway, Mo.

We doubt if there ever be another fighter such as the Polish lad, a product of the dancing halls and mining camps of old Butte, in the vanishing days of the old west. Ketchel knocked out everything they could import for him in Montana and then gained his greatest form in west coast battles.

Petrolle, only a lightweight, had the same sensational start in the Dakotas and by proper nursing, Jack Hurley, his manager, has brought him close to the top.

Billy was rated fourth by the late Tex Rickard in THE RING'S "Annual Ranking of Boxers."

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

PARIS (by Correspondence)—Local boxing for 1929 opened up at the Cirque de Paris the first week in the year with the main attraction being a middle-weight competition between Marcel Thil, the French champion, who has a lot of knockout victories to his credit, and Ivan Laffineur, the former French welterweight crack. Thil won. In the supporting bout Mose Bouquillon knocked out Griselle in the first.

Promoter Jeff Dickson, at the Salle Wagram entertainment, had Benny Valger pitted against the tough French battler, Young Julien. The bout went the full twelve rounds with Valger on the top all the way.

The Frank Moody and Gypsy Daniels match, which is made and will be contested probably before the first of March, is attracting a lot of attention in British boxing circles. Up to this writing there have been two offers made by promoters for the staging of the match, one from Wales, and the other from Jack Smith of Manchester. Boxing is going very strong in England and France, but in other European countries the sport is in a slump.

YOUNG HUAT, a feather-weight, is making rapid progress. He is the runner up for the French title now held by Pladner. In a recent bout Huat defeated Young Siki.

Ivan Laffineur, the former welter-weight, has outgrown that class. He is now fighting as a middle-weight and making good. He is in the stable of Leon See.

Benny Valger, who is better known in America as a boxer, made a fine impression in his fight at the Salle Wagram against Young Julien. Benny won in 12 rounds.

Some good preliminary lads appeared at the Valger-Julien engagement. Welterweight Leimen beat Mack in six hard rounds and Kerpit, a middleweight, and the Angerian battler, Ali Adeck, went eight rounds, with the point decision going to Kerpit.

Bobby Tassin, the bantam-weight champion of France, and Noack, the German title holder, fought to a ten round draw in Berlin.

The French heavyweight Mose Bouquillon, who was going along for some time as a knocker-out, has had time counted over him on two recent occasions.

One of the small clubs of Paris, the Central Sporting Club, keeps playing to big gates two and three times a week. The boys there generally perform under two minute rounds, and how they do go at it. The admission fees as well as the purses are small at the Central.

A successor to Georges Carpentier in the heavy division will be found within the next few weeks. Georges is going big in his stage appearances. He is a headliner now throughout Great Britain.

Lucien Vinez, the former French lightweight champion of Europe, is finding considerable work in England. Lucien, when he lost the title announced his retirement. He was never a good gate drawer in France. He heard a call from England, however, from the National Sporting Club, and he fought the British champion, Sam Steward, there. He lost.

The giant, Primo Carnera, Italy's gigantic heavyweight boxer, who now makes his home in Paris, made a trip to Berlin recently to meet the German crack Rosemann in an eight round bout. It went the limit and the 6 feet 10½ inch battler received the decision on points.

There is a fine crop of the lighter weight boxers in France. From the welterweights up, however, the bunch is ordinary, outside of Marcel Thil and Laffineur, the middleweights.

There are any number of good flyweights, bantam and featherweights in France that can hold there own as a class against the best of Europe.

Promoter Jeb Dickson expects early next summer to stage several elimination tournaments in the different classes. The popular American promoter has done more to encourage boxing in Europe since the war than all of the other promoters put together.

DOINGS IN ENGLAND

INTER-CITY bouts are being held quite frequently in London. Portsmouth came into conflict recently with Londoners at an entertainment held at Premierland. Ten bouts were contested and at the finish the London battlers gained a victory by winning the majority of the contests.

Paddy Jones of Shotton is a very useful feather-weight. He recently boxed a fifteen round draw with Alby Kestrell of Cardiff, a boxer of considerable experience.

Two good welter-weights, Red Pullen of Cardiff and Chris Gorman of Chelsea, went fifteen rounds to a draw at a recent show held at the Fulham Baths.

Charlie Ring, the Australian boxer, who did so well in England on a former visit, is back looking for engagements, and is ready to meet any heavyweight in England.

The success of Frank Moody over Jack Walker has further stimulated the boxing game in South Wales. Minto Rose (Cardiff) and Dan Dando (Merthyr) will shortly meet for the bantamweight title which became vacant upon the death of holder Tosh Powell (Aberdare).

Flyweights, brother Phineas John and brother Eddie, are two clever Welsh boxers. Phineas has decided to go into the bantamweight class and leave the fly-weight championship to Eddie. The latter has been challenged for the title by Jerry O'Neill (Merthyr). The contest will probably be held during February.

Kid Socks, the English bantamweight, has branched into the promoting business and has secured a lease on the East Ham Public Baths, where he will run off weekly entertainments.

Len Johnson, the English negro boxer from Manchester who defeated Jack Walker, met the clever Spaniard, Ignacio Ara at the London Ring and defeated him on points in fifteen hard fought rounds.

At the same entertainment Chris Shea, a light-weight from South Wales, defeated Dave Danaher of Bethnal Green in fifteen rounds, and Dick Stubbings of Fulham defeated Young Bull of Lambeth in six rounds.

Ted Sandwina, the German-American heavyweight, knocked out Georges Tricolteaux in half a round at a bout held at the Premierland, London. Sandwina is going over big here. He is going like a house afire. Make no mistake about Ted. He's a comer.

Bert Freeman, the Battersea featherweight, defeated the Spanish battler Jim Elzair in a fifteen round contest at the Ring of London. In a ten round bout Johnny Hicks of Stepney knocked out Frank White of Clerkenwell in the second session.

Jack Harris, the Manchester featherweight, lost a decision to the Italian boxer Aldo Linz. In the third round Harris complained that he had broken a bone in one of his hands and retired.

TED BROADRIBB, famous English second and manager, continues to lead the field in the matter of promotion. Ted has an excellent stable of boxers and his men are in great demand in England as well as on the continent. Every class is represented among Ted's boys.

Broadribb, on the latest poster he has forwarded, lists the following stars:

Jack Hood, Great Britain's welterweight champion; Harry Corbett, featherweight champion; Alf Mancini, a pleasing welterweight; Dom Volante, Dick Corbett. Bob Carvill and Nel Tarleton, all cracker jack fights with splendid gate attractions.

It is expected that Broadribb will shortly tour the continent, after which he will visit America with Corbett, Volante, Tarleton and Hood.

Billy Bird, the Chelsea welterweight, lost a point decision to the Italian Mario Bosisio, who holds the championship of Italy, in a bout held at Milan.

Mick Hill, the Tooting featherweight, who had not been doing so very well since he was knocked for a goal by Teddy Baldock, was defeated by Jack Kirby in a bout which was held at the London Ring. The decision was a tight fit. At the same entertainment Johnny Croxon of Notting Hill and Sammy King, Custom House, went twelve rounds, and Taff Lewis (Wales) defeated Ernie Mills (Walworth) on points after twelve rounds.

The Lime Grove Baths, boxing arena, is doing a fair business. At a recent entertainment, Sammy Minto, billed as being American, and Jack Dale of Bristol, engaged in a twelve round scheduled contest. It was a rugged fight up to about the eighth session. From then on, Minto took the lead and the seconds of Dale tossed in the towel during the tenth round.

Jim Thomas of Notting Hill is coming along in fine shape. His latest fight was against Joe Young of Bethnal Green, which after twelve hard rounds went to Thomas on points.

Joe Bloomfield lost a close decision to heavyweight Jim Carr at the London Ring after fifteen rounds of fast fighting. At the same entertainment Billy Webster of Kentish Town defeated Micky Harris of Spitalfields on points after fifteen sessions, and Ted Coveney of Highbury drew with Billy Muser of South Africa.

Fred Webster, an ex-amateur champion, defeated George Rose of Bristol on points in a fight held at the National Sporting Club of London.

Bert Kirby, the Birmingham flyweight, in a scheduled bout of twelve rounds at the National Sporting Club stopped Johnny Edwards in the fourth round.

Jack Haynes, an exceedingly good welterweight from Birmingham, scored a point victory over Joe Woodruffe of Acerington in a bout held in the Kent Street Baths, Birmingham.

Primo Ubaldo, the Italian light heavyweight, gave Jim Blagdon of Plymouth such a beating in three of a scheduled twelve round bout held at the London Ring that he was not in condition to continue when the gong was struck for the fourth session.

For the "top-of-the-bill" item, at a recent Premierland entertainment was a return match between Bill Softley of Poplar and Bert Cannons of Bethnal Green. A fortnight previous the two went 12 rounds to a draw, and the result of the return was the same.

Charlie Minchull of Bethnal Green defeated the Italian, Antonio Francesco, in 10 rounds on points after a rough contest at Premierland, and Bill Berry of Marylebone defeated Joe Higgins of St. Luke's in the fourth of a scheduled ten rounder.

TEDDY BALDOCK, who is proclaimed by the British boxing authorities the world's champion bantamweight, a title obtained by his defeat of Archie Bell, has accepted through his manager, Joe Morris, a very substantial offer to defend the world's championship against Bushey Graham of America, providing the latter can be induced to meet Baldock.

Graham's manager had been communicated with according to the Clapton Syndicate, which stands ready to promote the bout early in the summer. Guarantee and percentage terms have been offered to Graham, who is given the option of cutting the purse any way that he cares to.

Boxing continues to go big throughout the British Isles. The London clubs which promote two or three times each week are playing to crowded houses. Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool clubs are also doing big business. In Wales there has been a tremendous revival in boxing and many excellent boxers are being developed in the famous old pugilistic stamping ground.

Sonny Bird, the Chelsea welterweight, and the German crack, Franz Kruppell, went fifteen rounds to a draw at the Sunderland Stadium. It was a punishing contest from start to finish. At the same entertainment Jack Harbin of Usworth and Jack Casey had a twelve round bout which also was declared a draw.

At the reopening of the second half of the boxing season at the National Sporting Club of England three Italian boxers were on the calender. The main bout was between heavyweights Salvatore Shortland of Italy and Don Shortland of Sheffield. The Italian won in 10 rounds. Jack Haynes of Birmingham stopped welterweight Kid Romano of Italy in two rounds. N. Aldo of Italy and Joe Cadman, a Sheffield featherweight, went eight rounds to a draw.

Sam Steward, the English light-weight champion, had a hard battle against Tom Daly at the Ring of London. The journey was fifteen rounds, and although Steward was rightly entitled to the decision it was a close shave for him.

The Italian middleweight Enzo Fiermonte defeated Ted Coveney of Tufnell Park at a bout held at Shepherd's Bush. Ted claimed a foul but it was disallowed.

Joe Ralph, the popular Belgian colored welterweight who brought off a big surprise by defeating Alf Mancini, is now in great demand by the English clubs.

The Italian lightweight Alberto Palombo defeated Johnny Thomas of Clerkenwell in a bout held at the London Ring.

At the same entertainment George Newman of Paddington defeated Harry Orton, Camdon Town, on points, and Bert Barrows of Walworth beat Ben Johnson, Hackney, in the first of a scheduled six rounder.

Abby Kestrell of Cardiff received a point decision over Johnny Curley, former British featherweight champion, at the London Ring in a fifteen round bout held late in January.

PHOTOGRAPHS—PHOTOGRAPHS

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CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

ORIENTAL-EYED "Frenchy" Bellanger, Toronto's big box-office attraction, and Steve Rocco, swarthy swatter, boxing under the direction of Dapper "Bill" Morrisey, again fought before a large crowd at the Coliseum, Toronto, for the supremacy of the Canadian flyweight division. They fought over 10 rounds. Bellanger won the palm. He regained the championship.

Willie Davies of Charleroi came back to town and boxing in the semi-final to the championship battle with Art Giroux of Montreal, beat the stocky French-Canadian in 8 rounds. fll

Willie Cubic of Chile captured the verdict over Harry Hill of Montreal, formerly of England, and the veteran Johnny McCoy got down in front to win from Lew Goldberg of New York.

Bobby Booth, Toronto featherweight, and a pretty good card in Detrot, went over to that cty and dropped a 10-round bout to Soldier Dromboski.

Hughie Kid Lees, western welterweight champ, continues to bowl 'em over in the West. Lees won three important battles during the past month and is now craving for a chance at George Sidder's crown.

Jackie Swain, a smart little Kingston flyweight, a sorrel-topped little battler who has been whacking the bantams and featherweghts about, will likely make his pro debut soon. A smart, clever little fellow, a fighter from the drop of the hat, Swain should go a long way in the pro ranks.

Kingston continues to enthuse over the hit, stop, and get away game, and as a result some pretty good looking prospects have been uncovered. There are Earl Gallivan, a husky battlin' middleweight, Jackie Swain and two little boys, Smith Bros., who are really phenomenal little fighters, are among Kingston's aces. The Smith boys, weighing only 65 pounds, and only nine years old, have received tremendous ovations in Ottawa, Kingston, and other places where they have performed. Their knowledge of the game is astounding.

The last show at Toronto featured Larry Gains, colored heavyweight champion of the dominion, and Charlie Bellanger of Winnipeg, boxing for the Canadian heavyweight championship. Bellanger weighed 175 lbs, Gains 192½.

Art McCann and Chris Newton boxed a great battle over six heats with McCann getting down in front. Dough Lewis won over Tony Ross of Pittsburg, Johnny McCoy returned to the wars and knocked out Mickey Paul, while Ernie Taylor punched out a win over Sammy Rothstein.

BOXING IN EUROPE—

BOXING IN TORONTO

By "FAIR PLAY" BROWN

BOXING in Toronto is enjoying a wave of popularity such as has never before been seen in this Canadian City. Playfair Brown and his Shamrock Athletic Club with a spacious and large coliseum that has seating accomodation for some 14,000 fans and standing room for several thousand more have aided this popularity.

A great deal of credit must also go to Albert ("Frenchy") Belanger, the hard hitting little Canadian flyweight champion who has earned the nickname of "The Dempsey of the Flyweights." Belanger packs them in at prices up to eight dollars for each show he participates in. He has made many thousands of dollars for himself, the club and incidentally the men who have opposed him.

Belanger hit his stride last winter when he won from Newsboy Brown, Frankie Genaro and Ernie Jarvis in three rousing bouts. He had Brown and Jarvis both on the floor twice and won the unanimous decision of the two judges and the referee over Genaro. Then came a period when Belanger commenced to hover around the bright lights of his native city. Genaro came back to take the National Boxing Association title from him and Steve Rocco relieved him, temporarily as it proved of his Canadian championship.

But "Frenchy" was quick to learn his lesson. After dropping a couple of decisions he pulled himself together during the summer months and came back to a consistent winning streak, disposing of Marty Gold of Philadelphia and Willie Davies of Charleroi, after which he beat Steve Rocco in a return match for the Canadian championship. All these bouts drew close to capacity houses and Belanger's popularity is now greater than ever.

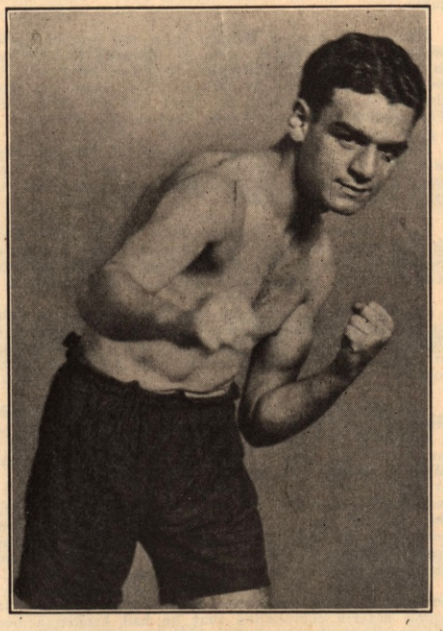
Flyweights get very important money from the Shamrock Club which has the field to itself in Toronto, as Frankie Genera and others will testify.

There is another really good attraction in Toronto—Larry Gains, Canadian heavyweight champion, who is yet undefeated in Toronto and has only lost two bouts in many United States appearances in three years. He recently scored an easy victory over "Big Boy" Peterson in Buffalo and later won in a canter from "Seale" Harris in Indianapolis.

Larry Gains, Toronto Negro heavyweight champion of Canada, retained his title in a ten-round bout at the Coliseum on January 26 against Charlie Belanger, of Winnipeg, light-heavyweight champion of the Dominion.

Gains took the decision by his harder hitting ability, for when the giant Negro opened up with his heavy artillery in the later rounds he opened cuts over Belanger's eye with solid left-hand smashes. Belanger was a willing mixer, however, and did considerable leading, but had difficulty in connecting solidly with the shifty Gains.

An importation from Philadelphia, Artie McCann, has lived up to advance notices, defeating the best of the Canadian lightweights. McCann now wants a bout against Jimmy McLarnin. He has a great record and has not been stopped in 130 professional bouts, in forty of which he has stopped his opponents.



Johnny Norman, Pacific Coast star bantamweight.

IN HALIFAX, CANADA

By VERNER A. BOWER

THE biggest fight scheduled for the month in Halifax, the Mitchell-McKenna bout at Glace on New Year's Day, proved a failure because of the poor condition of the fighters. One of the fighters, McKenna, came into the ring hog fat. In the eighth round Mitchell claimed a foul. The referee, Tommy Casey, disallowed the foul and the fight continued. In the ninth Mitchell fouled McKenna and the referee waved the fighters to their corners. Cape Breton fans were loud in their condemnation of the fighters.

There is a report here that as a result of this fiasco a Nova Scotia Boxing Commission will be created.

In the amateur shows the Halifax Firemen's Club are staging some excellent fights as a weekly tretion. The service and other local clubs furnish fine fighters, who make things interesting. Harry MacDonald of Halifax North and Dixon of the R. C. R. are two of the best local amateurs.

Dalhousie University boasts a fighter of exceptional ability in Big Jim MacLeod, a student who holds the amateur heavyweight championship of the Maritimes. MacLeod is a real fighter. Maritime fans like his pleasing style. There are several fights in prospect for MacLeod.

MOOSE JAW, SASK., CANADA

By JACK HART

KID LEES, welterweight champion of Western Canada, defeated Ray Dempsey at Melville, Sask., in the first round.

Bob Canuck of Moose Jaw, Sask., lost the decision to Young Heffener at Kincaid, Sask., on Jan. 15th.

Red Allison was defeated by Young Yorkie in a ten-round bout at Kincaid, Sask. Yorkie weighed five pounds over the welterweight limit. The winner is to meet Kid Lees for the welterweight championship of Western Canada at an early date.

Basil Daines has challenged Kid Lees for $200 side bet and disputes his claim to the welterweight championship of Western Canada.

Earl Henry and Kid Osborne, middleweight champion of Western Canada, are good fighters.

Al Anderson and Kid Hanson fought a draw at Abbey. Anderson had more weight than Hanson by 20 pounds.

Kid Lees and Young Yorkie fought a ten-round draw. The papers gave Young Yorkie the better of the bout.

Young Yorkie knocked out Earl Henry in the third round at Ernfold, Sask.

Owing to the serious illness of Barney Doran, local boxing promoter, there has not been much doing in the boxing line.

Red Allison has deposited with the writer $200 to re-match himself with Young Yorkie at an early date, with an outside referee. Yorkie must weigh 147 lbs.; the same applies to Kid Lees or any welterweight in Western Canada.

BOXING IN CUBA.

By MILTON BARON.

BENNY LEONARD, undefeated champion, spent a few days with us and was mighty well impressed with Havana. Leonard visited the local gyms and was surprised to see a number of classy ringsters. Leonard's pleasing personality gained innumerable friends. He was accompanied by Dr. Shallek.

Joe Arguelles, Cuba's sensational bantam, won on a foul from Victor Ferrand of Spain. In the fifth canto Ferrand landed a hard right just below the boundary line and was disqualified by the referee.

Kid Chocolate, the dusky speed marvel who just returned from New York, is just about getting over his vacation, which he spent at his country home in Cerro. Luis Pincho Gutierrez, his manager, has received several good offers for Chocolate's services, but turned them down, considering that his protege deserved a much needed rest after turning in seventeen consecutive victories—a feat any boxer should be proud of.

At a private interview with Mr. Gutierrez, the writer was informed that Kid Chocolate will soon return to Uncle Sam's boxing center.

Justo Vidal, Spanish welterweight, easily defeated Joseito Garcia of Matanzas. The bout was a thriller right from the start. Vidal has a clean record.

Ben Ponteau, hard-hitting featherweight, stopped Enrique Valdes in the second round. Ponteau was punching Valdes all over the ring when the referee halted the bout.

Pablo Canales is the logical contender forthe Cuban title. Canales' recent victory over Saturnino Tiberio boosted his stock. Canales is hankering for a shot at Jack Santiago, the present champ, who is in Chicago. A bout between the two would be a sell-out.

Albert Canchez, the fighting sailor, made his professional debut against Albert Leon, and made a mighty good showing. The bout was a draw. Sanchez scored two knockdowns.

Juan Cepero again knocked out Anisio Orbeta at Camaguey. Orbeta, who had five consecutive wins recently, fell victim to Cepero's hard right in the third round.

Ignacio Garcia drew in eight rounds with Manolo Martinez, known as Vallespin.

Goyito Rico, the heavyweight champ, will soon fight Santiago Esparregera for the title. Esparregera has won his last four bouts by the k. o. route and is in mighty fine shape for his coming title tilt.

Young Granado of Tampa is in town preparing for his bout with Victor Ferrand, which will be held at the Arena Colon.

Abie Alvarez of Tampa, known as "The Patent Leather Kid," will make his first showing here against Young Benny Leonard on the same card.

The Daniel Brothers from Milwaukee are spending a few weeks in Havana. These gentlemen are managers of a good string of boxers, who are quite popular around Chicago.

Alcibiades Ortega, now in Guatemala, is making a big hit here. Ortega is a real classy welterweight and is going great at the Central America boxing grounds.

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KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. L. FORD

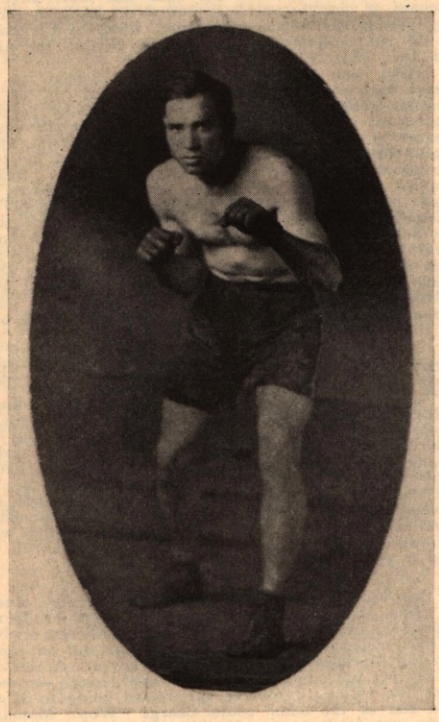
PITTSBURG, Kans.—Patsy Pollock defeated Johnie Wagner in ten rounds. Steve Salina knocked out Frankie Civella in two rounds. Jack Gibbs won from Cecil Wells in eight rounds. Firpo Miller won from Joe Veltri in four. George Cox refereed all bouts.

Kansas City, Mo.—Young Stribling knocked out Jack League in the first round of a scheduled ten round main go. Wilson Wagner knocked out Jackie Schaeffer in one round. Artie Palmer and Johnny Harris fought ten to a draw. Young Evans knocked out Kid Medina in four.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook, flashy Oklahoma batam, knocked out Eddie Murray in the fifth round of a scheduled ten round main event.

Okla City, Okla.—Babe Hunt knocked out Jeff Carroll in the ninth round of a ten round bout. Clyde Chastain won the referee's decision over Jimmy Owens in ten rounds.

Independence, Kans.—Jack Osteen won the decision



Hamp McNally, promising Oklahoma welterweight.

in ten rounds from Henry Nenniger. Hap Hackworth shaded Bill Canney in four. Young Smith won from Kid Leyda in three. Young Paul stopped Red Stone in six. Bill Thomas beat Red Campbell in three. Harry Mathews won from Kid Bright in three.

Kansas City, Mo.—Larry Cappo scored a technical K. O. over Imey Garfinkle in the fourth round of a ten round feature bout. Sully Montgomery knocked out Joe Wolfe in six rounds. Joe Kid Peck stopped Artie Palmer in two rounds. Jack Evans beat Kid Medina in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Big Boy Peterson won from Babe Hunt in ten rounds, but it was called a draw. Bob Hamilton knocked out Barney Allen in three rounds. Kid Kiser defeated Gyp Zaro in eight. Mickey Travers and Bobby Vincent drew in four heats. Dempsey Moore won from Jack Stanley in six.

Kansas City, Mo.—Larry Cappo defeated Imey Garfinkle in ten hard fought rounds. Walker Rich knocked out Fred Reese in three. Buck Weaver beat Lawrence King in ten. Jack Gibbs knocked out Fred Salzman in six rounds.

Oilton, Okla.—Hamp McNally won on a foul in the fourth round from Speck Friend in a scheduled ten round feature bout.

Ft. Riley, Kans.—Charley Cobb knocked out Battling Chico in eight of the feature ten round bout. "Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer won from Ray Omer in six rounds.

Woodward, Okla.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer, 158 pounds, defeated Russell Beckwith, heavyweight, in a hard fought ten round battle. Kopfer floored Beckwith seven times in the ten rounds.

Joplin, Mo.—Paul Wangley was given the decision over Buster Brown after ten rounds of hard fighting. Brown scored several knockdowns but lost the decision. Steve Ketchell won from Johnnie Hughes in eight. Ol Bray and Billy Fisher fought a fast eight round draw. Hooker Boyer won from Pat Maynard in six.

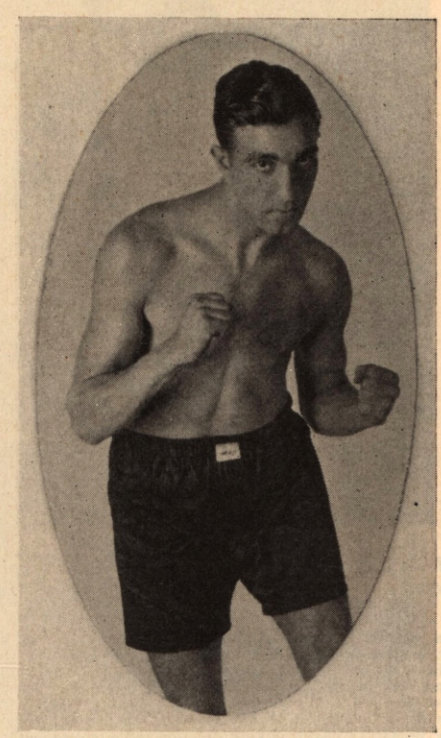
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Babe Hunt knocked out Tom Pivac, heavyweight, of St. Louis, Mo., in the eighth round of a ten round main event. Chick Rains and Bob Hamilton fought a hard eight round draw.

Woodward, Okla.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer Clay center Kansas middle weight, knocked out Jack Thomas, Oklahoma lightheavy, in the fifth round of a hard contested bout. It was a scheduled ten round feature bout.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook won a ten round decision from Charley Dodge. Kid Kiser beat Tony Caprone in the semi-final bout. Kid Harvey defeated Kid Gifford in the opening bout of the program.

Kansas City, Mo.—Charley Cobb won from Spider Kelly after ten rounds of fast milling. Battling Clemons scored a win over Johnny Haris in eight. Kid Rogan knocked out George Dixon in three. Adolfo Alveres and Wildcat Holloway fought a four round draw.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Babe Hunt won the referee's decision over Angus Snyder after ten rounds of furious fighting. The boys set a fast pace all the way. Six thousand fans witnessed the contest, the largest gathering at a fight in this city since the days of Carl Morris.



Tony Caragliano, New York junior lightweight.

IN IOWA RINGS

By BOB WAGNER

TONY LIGOURI, the latest sensation in the lightweight ranks in the middlewest, has started training after a two months layoff due to an injured shoulder. Ligouri, who is just twenty-one years of age, has had forty-nine fights, losing but one of them. This lad can punch. He has twenty-nine knockouts, seventeen of them being in the first round. In his last start he knocked out Wildcat Eddie Mason of St. Paul in the fifth round.

Eddie Dwyer, Mexican welterweight, is being kept busy. Promoters in this section are always after the Mexican's services. Dwyer, who is only twenty-two years old, has met Sammy Mandell, Billy Petrolle, Jimmy Finley and many other leading fighters.

Joe Kelly, Des Moines manager, has his light heavyweight star, Kenneth Hunt, in hard training. Kelly's little flyweight star, who was recently selected by Tex Rickard as one of the leading flyweights, will appear in Chicago soon for Mique Malloy.

Gentleman Joe Thomas of Oelwein is out to prove that he is Iowa's leading middleweight. After knocking out Lefty Louie Mays of Des Moines in six rounds and winning a decision from Clyde Drury of Marshalltown, Ia., he has every right to that claim as Mays and Drury are about the best in this section. F. W. Mettlin of Oelwein is handing the affairs of Thomas.

Pinkey George, former Des Moines flyweight boxer, has retired from doing any boxing. Pinkey is making his home at Mason City, Iowa, and is the Matchmaker for the American Legion there. Pinkey is running shows every two weeks.

Efforts have been made by other promoters to run shows in Des Moines, Ia., but the local boxing commission will only sanction two clubs here in the Capitol City. Bob Wagner, Crocker Cigar Store and Dave Fidler, Cargyil Hotel, are the two clubs and they run shows every two weeks.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

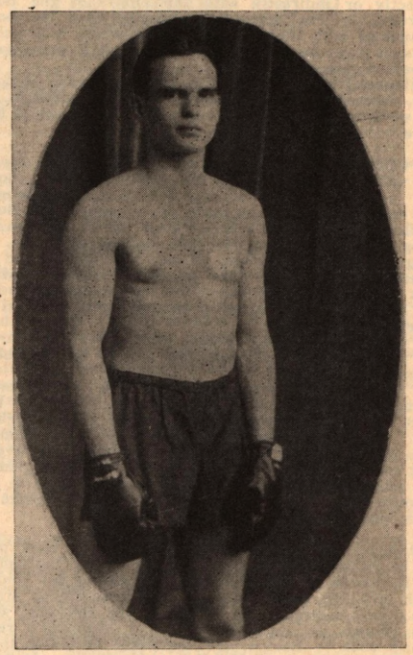
By JACK TAYLOR

DURING the last two months three promoters have tackled the job in S. A. without much success. The first show in December was promoted by R. Del Castillo of Tampico, Mex., and was a failure. The next three shows were put on by G. P. Elisondo and Jack Taylor, and these also were money failures.

With the beginning of the New Year Taylor then hooked up with Julio Montez for three shows, and the attendance immediately picked up, and at the present time things look a lot better for boxers and fans alike.

Following are the results of the best bouts that took place in S. A. and Fort Sam Houston during the last two months.

Diego "Devil" Acuna and Quina Lee, 10 rounds, draw; Pedro Arvizu, K. O. D. Brooks Hooper, in 2; Pedro Arvizu beat Steady Simpson in 10; Quina Lee and Johnnie Cruz, 10, draw.



Harold Mathews, Lincoln, Nebraska flyweight.

Quina Lee beat Pablo Alajandro in 10; Brooks Hooper beat K. O. Riley in 8; Billy Padraza beat Pedro Arvizu in 10; Brooks Hooper K. O. D. Joe Busby in 2.

Quina Lee Beat Cave Man Ferraci in 10; Pablo Alajandro beat Kid Suarez in 10; Mike Delaney beat K. O. Riley in 6.

Steady Simpson K. O. D. Bernie Cullen in 7; Kid Gilbert and Sabino Apara, 10, draw. Jack Avalon and Red Foster, 8 rounds, draw.

Manuel Luna won on a foul from Young Jack Spence in 8; Mike Delaney beat Newsboy Firpo in 6; Bernie Cullen beat Sailor Barrerra in 4; Wild Cat Castro K. O. D. Sailor Barrerra in 2.

Chuck Burns K. O. D. Babe Ruth in 5 rounds. Tommie White beat Ray Macias in 10. Tommie White K. O. D. Kid Goodman in 3.

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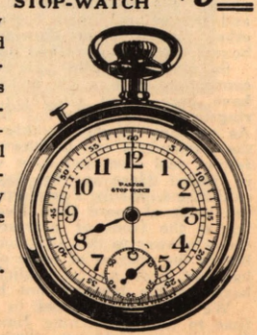

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Greater Boston Boxing Notes

By "DOC" ALMY

WHEN Jim Maloney, locally known as the "Pride of South Boston," recently went to a draw with Con O'Kelly of Ireland in New York, it was a foregone conclusion that in the near future Messrs. Maloney and O'Kelly would delight the fistic fans of this village by appearing in a return bout to be staged in the Boston Garden ring. It was a "logical" for this city—a contest much desired. We of Boston wanted to look it over for ourselves.

But betwixt and between, came our baseball sensation, charges and a hearing relative to alleged graft pertaining to the granting of a permit to the Boston Braves to play Sunday baseball, the same bringing in certain of the club's officials, Boston councilmen and others. One or more of the former being connected directly or indirectly with the affairs of the Boston Garden, it was deemed inadvisable that the boxers connected with the stable of Dan Carroll, a prominent witness for the defense in the baseball controversy, should appear there.

Hence Jim Maloney, who is Big Dan's particular ace, instead of meeting O'Kelly as per schedule, had to wait until February, when he outpointed O'Kelly here.

THE writer has seen Jack Dempsey in a number of his fights, knows him personally and, not so long ago put in several very delightful hours in his company while Jack made the rounds of the Boston Children's Hospital, a hope, good cheer and sunshine program which went over 100 percent and plus. To disgress for the moment, in one cot Jack found one youngster in tears. "My goodness, laddie, what are you weeping about?" asked the big ex-champion.

"I am crying because I cannot fight," replied the teary one.

"Gee, that's tough. What's the matter?"

"I've got a busted arm and I may not be able to become a fighter."

"Well, what do you know about that," said Dempsey turning to the writer. "Don't cry, laddie. Your arm will mend alright and you'll have a lot of fighting yet. Now let's see you smile with Jack Dempsey who got a beating and lost his title into the bargain. I'm not crying." The kid got the idea and grinned. So much for the friendly and human side of Jack Dempsey—he has a lot of both and we of Boston are with him in his new line of endeavor.

How much of a business man Dempsey may prove to be is another side of the story. In the opinion of Bostonese he fell a bit hard in making his contract with Jack Sharkey for the latter's appearance in Miami, Fla., next month. The terms of the contract, which was drawn up and signed during Dempsey's recent flying visit to Boston, are decidedly favorable to the "Squire of Chestnut Hill," a title we have bestowed on the ex-sailor which has pretty generally caught on. By the terms of this contract Sharkey is to receive $100,000—the same whether he actually fights Stribling or not. He merely has got to make an appearance in the ring. Of this huge amount $25,000 is to be deposited in Sharkey's name in the National Shawmut Bank of Boston 10 days before the Miami affair, and $75,000 by 10 o'clock on Feb. 26.

The entire amount becomes Sharkey's personal property one minute after he steps into the Miami ring. The Madison Square Garden management reserves the right for Sharkey's services for a bout to be staged in New York up to July 15, 1929. As to Sharkey's future opponent in the event of his scoring a win in Florida, nothing appears in the contract. It is the accepted impression, however, that Dempsey and Sharkey will fight in the Yankee Stadium next June. Circumstances though may alter the entire futurity.

WHILE the year was not a particularly remunerative one for the clubs of the country at large, the game came through very nicely here in Boston, largely through the well patronized tourneys of the former Argonne A. A., promoted by Eddie Mack, present matchmaker for the Boston Garden. According to the books of the State Boxing Commission, the financial returns to the Bay State clubs totalled $1,075,511. The state collected $53,755.55 in taxes, and from licenses and other sources received $29,437.83. All told, counting amateur and professional fistic exhibitions, there were 582 in 1928, as against 484 in 1927. A total of 792 boxers, amateur and professional, were barred because of physical or other reasons from showing their wares, while 22 boxers, two managers and one trainer were suspended.

So much for cold figures and facts, but in this connection it is a bit amazing, and the same must have been noted elsewhere, that the class of the ringsters as a whole has bordered on the mediocre. As pertains directly to this state and in the face of the tremendous and healthy support given the ringers, few of real class and color were brought to the front in 1928. Here in the Bay State, despite the 582 exhibitions, hardly a performer has been developed to the point of more than local attention, or who was not at the front or near-neighborhod in 1927. The crrect answer to this situation may remain to be given, but in the opinion of some of the critics, performance has not kept up to publicity. Publicity has made boxing a big business but has not made boxers.

We have been moved to favorably comment from time to time concerning Jimmy Byrne, the Louisville, Ky., heavyweight, a southpaw now sojourning in Boston. He looked wonderfully well in several performances here and won our admiration and praise. Our idol, however, got badly dented here the night of Jan. 11, when he met one Frank Wine, touted as a man-killing blacksmith from Montana. They met in the Boston Garden feature, a 10 rounder, and Byrne was returned the winner. As a fight, however,

Al Mello, Boston's great welterweight who scored two knockdowns over champion Joe Dundee.

we characterized it as something nothing much, but for a head-to-head maulfest, a he billy-goat vs. ram affair, as pretty an event as ever graced a wharf. And they actually were trying at that! As the "West's best heavyweight" Wine slumped very badly while my hero, Byrne, was not a whole lot better. Seemingly both studied boxing in the same college—their styles or the style they showed the fans here were too similar to make a decent bout.

After it was over it developed that Byrne had an injured paw and had gone into the thing much against his judgment rather than have the show fall down. His indifferent showing lost him the chance of meeting Con O'Kelly here on Jan. 18, the club calling off the bout, while Wine was shipped back to his blacksmith forge in Montana, there to remain insofar as this city is concerned.

Another bout on the Byrne-Wine card flivvered badly when Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia, who was mingling with Louis Kid Kaplan, the former feather champion, was shunted to the sidelines in the seventh round by the referee for holding. Holding with one hand and hitting with the other, or holding with both hands, having met with more success than reprimands in Boston rings it was but natural that Jadick, a really classy boy, should have fallen into the error of thinking he would not be interfered with. He was warned several times to "cut" the stuff, persisted and was disqualified. It is the announced determination of the Boxing Commission to stop foul boxing.

IN ONE of the earlier bouts Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, victor here in 1927 over Joe Dundee, the welter champion, also Tommy Freeman, and who at that time was coming along hand over hand until he ran his jaw against Clyde Hull's slam in a New York ring, made his first appearance after a layoff of more than a year. Indrisano was pitted against Larry Brignolia of Cambridge, a fast, willing slugger, and for a time the former had his hands full. As the contest progressed Indrisano regained his oldtime confidence, got back into his once impressive style and in the end was returned the winner by a good margin. He outguessed, outboxed and outpunched his foe in masterly style. If he can keep going, get himself into the form he was in 1927, this youngster will yet be back at the front. He shapes to the writer as a very good boy-one of real promise.

The veteran Chick Suggs of Newport, R. I., one-time New England feather champion, and frequently referred to as a second George Dixon, no longer is a top card man except at the smaller clubs. On the night of the 11th Suggs was back to the prelim ranks, meeting and losing to Jake Zeramby, a Lynn, Mass., youngster, in six rounds. At Fall River, Mass., on the 21st, Suggs nosed out a thin win over Jackie Donohue of Boston, a classy feather who just now is having a slump. Ordinarily Donohue should have defeated Suggs, who is far from being his oldtime self.

Bob Mills, one of the New England white heavyweight hopes, came through on the night of Jan. 21, at Portsmouth, N. H., defeating Big Boy Burlap, the Westerly, R. I., Brava in 10 rugged rounds. Mills being the New Hampshire heavyweight champion and Burlap a sensational though not particularly elegant performer, the fray drew a large gate.

Ernie Schaaf, the blonde-haired ex-sailor heavyweight, pride and joy of Phil Schlossberg, famed as sailor amateur heavy of years ago, is being talked as an early opponent here of Con O'Kelly of Ireland. The chances favor that the bout will materialize as Schaaf, it may be recalled, wound up his 1928 record by putting one across on Johnny Risko of Cleveland, a 10 round fought in the Boston Garden the night of Dec. 28.

Risko took the fight away from Schaaf at the start and was the aggressor in a majority of the rounds, making it a fight, while the ex-sailor tried to stand off at long range and box. In the opinion of many at the ringside, Schaaf, had heturned loose could have knocked Risko cold but, as stated, he tried to box an the article did not fit the situation. Schaaf rallied toward the end of the muss and captured the last two rounds, Risko knocking out a couple of Ernie's teeth with his final slam. The ruling went to Schaaf and was boohed by many, though the house was with the Bostonian to win. Naturally Risko and his manager left town in a huff, both bellowing about another "Boston decision." As prior to this affair Risko lost a decision here to Jim Maloney it is to be presumed that our village is temporarily off his map.

TIGER" JACK PAYNE of the Leo P. Flynn stable, who has made good here on two occasions, was slated to have boxed Maxie Rosenbloom of New York for the Arena A. C. here on Jan. 7. The show received plenty of touting but the cash customers failed to warm up. After several dumb days for the cash register "Col." Bob McKirdy, the Arena A. C. promoter, decided to more or less indefinitely postpone the event. The attendance difficulty dates back to a muss here between Rosenbloom and Tiger Flowers in 1926, the same ending when Flowers handed Maxie a low one after both had put up a very ragged performance.

Joe Monte, the Brockton, Mass., Brazilian husky, a mate of Jack Sharkey under the reins of Johnny Buckley, evened scores with George LaRocco of New York, who had previously knocked him out on Jan. 9 in the Mechanics Building, a Sharkey A. A. feature. They put up a fine exhibition of hard, rough slamming for the entire 10 rounds, the award going to Monte. In one of the other bouts George "Wop" Manolian, who not so long ago lst his New England middleweight title to Al Mello, also holder of N. E. welter honors, messed up Bobby Brown of Lowell without much difficulty. In another fray Harry Devine of Worcester, former National 126-pounds amateur champion, also a member of the American Olympic boxing team at Amsterdam, took on the veteran Chick Suggs on short notice. Suggs has slipped a whole lot, as we have intimated elsewhere, but his brain continues in good working order. He knew too much for the youngster, went after the kid's midriff and the referee stopped the bout in the sixth, giving the colored boy the verdict.

We have no personal interest in Andy Callahan of Lawrence, Mass., or any other boxer, but as a prospect in the welter class he is worthy of attention. Just now he weighs about 140 pounds, an overgrown lightweight and not a full-fledged welter, but he is a healthy boy and is putting on the pounds. Differing from some we have seen in the game he really likes fighting. His opening effort for the month came on the night of Jan. 9, his opponent being Ruby Stein of New York, in the Mechanics Building ring. Stein put up a good fight but Callahan, always forcing, simply swarmed all over him. The scheduled 10 rounder was ended by the referee in the eighth, Stein being down on his knees and unable to continue.

"Col." McKirty of the Arena A. C. bumped into

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some more chilly weather when he paired up Arthur Flynn of Lawrence vs. Willie Oster of New London, Conn., as his feature, and a string of other really good bouts for Jan. 21. The propsed tourney lacked a bit of color, perhaps, but otherwise looked alright. The Bostonese, however, always outspokenly critical, didn't warm to the program worth a tinker's cuss, so the "Colonel" dropped the curtain on the show and let it go at that.

WHILE 18,000 fans of both sexes, who had paid in $34,000 for the fun, howled and bellowed thundering applause and encouragement. Al Mello of Lowell, New England's two-title boy, won everything but the world's welter championship crown when he decisively whipped Joe Dundee, the world's champion, in the feature battle of the Boston Garden show the night of Jan. 25. The championship did not change hands because the mill was not at the weight, but otherwise it was as truly a titular fray as ever was fought in New England—the greatest welter battle for the entire 10 rounds which has been staged in Boston since the Britton-Lewis fights in 1916.

Twice Mello, fighting as he has never fought before, had Dundee on the canvas taking the count, while many times as the fray progressed the Baltimore crown-bearer was very sick and dizzy. But though Dundee saved his ring bauble by leaving it at home, the fact takes no credit away from him as a great, game and willing fighter—a real champion of the ropes. Though he was being beaten, a fact which he must have realized though refused to admit, Dundee stayed right in there fighting—one minute groggy and the next carrying the battle—but always fighting.

A slower starter, Dundee was simply carried off his feet by the rush of Mello in the first round, and eight seconds before the bell ended it a left hook to the jaw sent him to his knees. He was very wobbily as Referee Joe O'Connor tolled off eight—made no real attempt to get up. The bell clanged and he was saved for that time.

The second knockdown came in the ninth, a left to ear and right smash to jaw sending the champion down flat for nine. Joe was practically done when he managed to crawl up—fighting instinct and ring experience caused him to hang on. Mello shook him off and tore in like a mad man to settle him but Dundee blocked, held and countered—got through to the bell. And then he came back in the 10th, when he should have been all done—started a tremendous rally and not only forced Mello to break ground but won the round. The award went to Mello where it clearly belonged as the Lowell boy had garnered rounds 1, 2, 5, 6, 8 and 9, while Joe could muster but 3, 4, 7 and 10. In several of the cantos that he won Mello had practically all of the points. The weights were given as Dundee 147 pounds, Mello 150, though the champion was the taller and larger man and looked to be heavier than the local challenger. Following the fray Bobby Goldman, manager of Mello, announced that he would post a forfeit of $2500 with the New York Commission for a mill with Dundee for the welter championship.

Barring the semi-final bout, which resulted in a fairly easy win for Jackie Brady of Syracuse, N. Y., Dundee's sparring partner, over Jack Kane, a newcomer here from Denver, Col., an eight rounder, the card was one of the best ever seen in this city. In one of the contests Eddie Curley of Boston beat Jake Zeramby of Lynn, both feathers, by a small margin, the defeat being the first in Zeramby's ring career, also his inital upset in 35 "pro" starts.

In another contest of general interest, Andy Martin of Boston, making his first appearance in months in a Boston ring, defeated Dominick Petrone of New York in eight rounds. Martin had Petrone groggy in the second stanza but did not try to finish the job. In several chapters both hit at times with open gloves and created the impression among those close to the ropes that no knockdowns were to be scored. The fans liked the fray, however, though booed the decision. Martin clearly won despite public disapproval of the ruling.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA NOTES

By TED GRESS

JACK McVEY, New York negro middleweight, lost to Vincent Forgione of Philadelphia in the windup at Reading. I thought McVey won.

Georgie Pavlick of Johnstown showed lots of glass at Williamsport in beating Red Delp and Ralph Kid Wagner. Pavlick is a neat boxer and is being hailed as a second Tommy Loughran.

Harry Weil opened a new club at Lancaster. His first show featured Joe Kuhns of Reading, and Al. Trainor of Philadelphia. Trainor was given the nod.

Frankie Paul, formerly of Detroit but now of Reading, gave Wally Kirchoff, Lancaster, a great battle, and although he lost the decision he made a host of friends.

Steve Nitchie, Lancaster veteran featherweight, continued to give his best. Steve all but sank K. O. Leonard of Philadelphia and won the decision.

Eddie LeRoy, Williamsport's sensational featherweight, cuffed Johnny Chiodo of Johnstown around plenty at Williamsport recently, to win the favor of the officials.

Pat Igoe, hard hitting Shenandoah lightweight, is one free-swinging fool. He has been slapping them down regularly and must be watched in the near future.

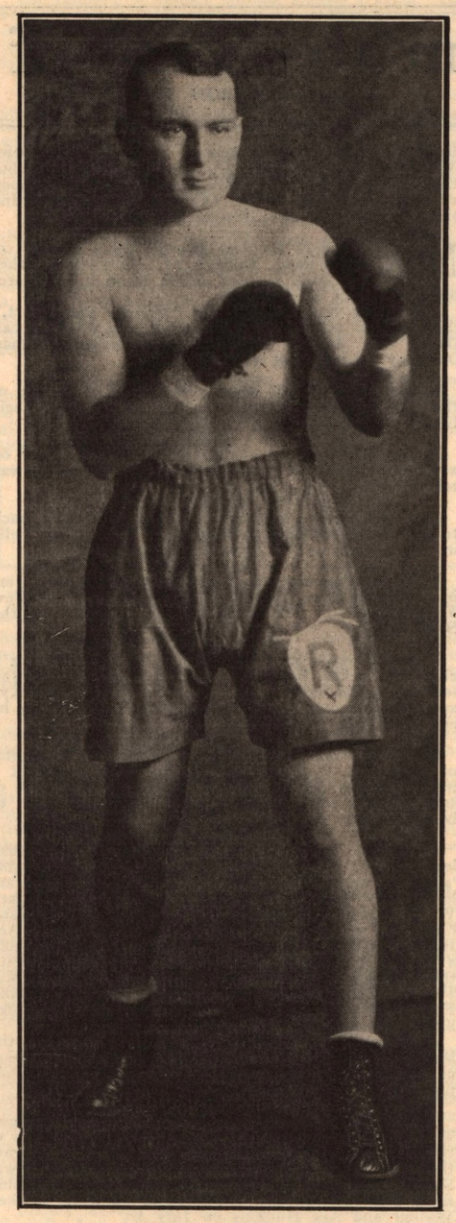
Johnny Canzoneri of Alpha, N. J., beat Johnny McGinley of Allentown in a bout held in the later's home town. It was a great fight.

Art Feeser, Lebanon's lightwheight hope, is on the sidelines. His hand, which he hurt in knocking out Joey Barnes, has refused to mend properly.

Jackie Reynolds of Muncie, Indiana, also suffered a band hand, but this has healed and he is back in action.

Brooks Whitey Laubach of Williamsport returned to the fistic wars after a long layoff when he boxed Sailor Matty at Williamsport. Laubach is a fine welterweight.

Pinky Kaufman of Hartford, Conn., took Joey Hadfield of Philadelphia over the jumps to easy grab the duke. Kaufman submitted Hadfield to a neat licking in earning the nod.



Sergeant Parks Ritch, known as the fighting hornet of Charlotte, N. C. He has a kick like a mule. In 22 battles, he has won eleven by knockouts and seven decisions. He has a bright future. He won the light heavy and heavyweight title of the 30th Division, Camp Jackson, S. C. and is now with 120th Infantry.

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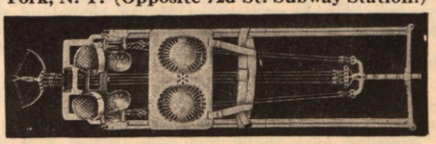

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News From the State of California

By THERON FISK

THREE cheers and a couple hurrahs for Jack Doyle's popular price boxing.

Bert Colima, local Mexican favorite and Walcott Langford, Chicago colored battler furnish the example. They have boxed twice at Doyle's Los Angeles Olympic club and the books show a clean victory for the 5 and dime store prices.

In March, a year ago, Colima and Langford attracted a gate of $9,830 from 6,371 paid admissions at the $1, $2 and $3 scale.

In a return bout at the new popular prices of 50 cents, $1 and $2 the intake was $9,924 out of 9,921 paid admissions.

Not only did the popular priced show draw a bigger gate but the 3,000 additional fans gave it a much needed atmosphere and boxing fans just love to be surrounded by their kind, a sea of vacant seats can spoil the best of shows.

Doyle was the happiest man in the house. He loves the roar of the crowd and the bedlam was once again terrific. He has succeeded in restoring boxing to its former glory under the popular price plan.

Colima put on one of his best fights and won a decisive victory, although Langford put up stubborn opposition all the way.

Tommy Simpson, one of the real veterans of the game and an institution in Oakland for years, put on his first show for 1929 and incidentally is first in several months, February 6 at the Civic auditorium.

Simpson dug up his old ace in the hole, Jimmy Duffy and paired him with Pete Meyers for the star bout.

Meyers a despised shortender against Young Corbett III in a bout a couple weeks previous to his Duffy match added considerable color to Simpson's show by holdng Corbett to a draw at the new Dreamland.

The return of Simpson and Duffy to fistic wars brought back memories of the old four-round days. Jimmy used to pack 'em in Wednesday after Wednesday for Simpson and both prospered—the new law and order of things has not been so kind to tem.

Jimmy McLarnin, lest it be forgotten, made his start at Simpson's club, being on nine cards in as many weeks.

Joe Benjamin, the once popular shiek of the ring, is planning a comeback. Joe is dead serious about his return to the ring. He is the picture of health, only 29, weighs around 150 and opines that he can lick a car load of the junior welterweights now doing business in our little community if he is only half as good as he used to be when packin' 'em in at Vernon. And he may be right at that.

Benjamin hasn't had a glove on since Ace Hudkins plastered him a plenty on a certain night back in 1925.

WHAT a difference a few years makes in the boxing game. Take the case of Tommy Loughran for instance. Loughran came out here three years ago and hardly got a tumble. The best he could get was a shot out Culver City way and his end was less than $100, hardly enough to buy his manager cigars and pay a week's laundry bill now.

Nobody remembers who Tommy boxed at Culver City but the big kick of the night will never be forgotten. When time came for Loughran and his opponent to enter the ring, it was discovered upon opening the box that the gloves were of the 16 ounce pillow variety commonly used for gymnasium workouts. What did they do—what could they do? Now you tell one.

Loughran came back again, however, as light heavyweight champion and aspirant for Gene Tunney's crown. It took considerable coaxing on the part of matchmaker Wadhams and a check for $12,500 signed by Jack Doyle to do the trick—opponents for Armand Emanuel must be gotten at any price.

When times get real hard at home, Armand and Pop go shopping elsewhere. On a recent trip to Minneapolis Emanuel had a nice little workout with Harry Dillon and Pop brought home one of Mike Collins' checks for 7 grand.

No sooner had Windy Winsor got an O.K. from the Commission to let his deaf mute welterweight, Dummy Mahan box, than he found another difficulty on his hands, a former manager of Mahan bobbed up with a claim on the ownership of the deaf mute's contract.

Mahan in his first start won over Johnny Priston by a knockout at National Hall, San Francisco.

Chet Shandel, giant heavyweight defeated Tony Stabenaux of New York in a rattling good mill, reversing a decision Stabenuax won in a previous bout.

Shandel's next victim was Sam Izeman who went out in the third round.

All three fights were held at National Hall, San Francisco.

Jock Molone, clever St. Paul middleweight, who has that happy faculty of playing around in the ring and making some of the customers like it, was on quite a lar kplaying the so-called sticks until Commissioner Hanlon stepped in and called off the Molone-Tod Adams bout billed for Modesta.

Commissioner Hanlon made it plain that a boxer of high rating can't come into California and pick up easy money boxing setups every week.

Two dead game veterans made gallant stands against Kid Francis, European bantamweight champion, in the little Italian's California debut. The oldtimers, Delos Williams and California Joe Lynch, didn't win but they gave the superlatively clever Francis a busy evening, the former at the Olympic, Los Angeles and the latter at the new Dreamland, San Francisco.

MEMORIES of the late Pancho Villa, greatest of all Filipinoes, flashed at Hollywood, when Speedo Dado stopped Ernie Hood in four seconds less than a round.

The "litlte brown doll," the "Filipino sweetheart," the "Manila typhoon" or whatever you want to call Dado, flew at his opponent more savagely than Dempsey in his most tigerish days.

Almost without fail when yours truly gives one of the boys a nice word or two, they up and stub their toe.

Homer Sheridan, the gloomy fistic vagabond, lost on a foul to Eddie Gill at Hollywood, just when he was toh and ready for a big shot.

And Mat Calo, the Honolulu soldier boy went back to San Francisco only to be stopped by Tommy Cello in round three at the new Dreamland.

Eddie Frayne was home again, for the second time in two years since becoming sports editor of the New York American. Eddie spent his vacation in the Southland.

Moose Taussig, may have his hopes of managing a champion of the Japanese race. Moose has three Jap featherweights under his wing—Kaneo Nakamura, Kyzure Kimura, and Kayou Takahashi. Moose swears he can pronounce their names, too.

Our little community looked like the fistic capitol of the world this past month, if you know what I mean. We entertained several million dollars worth of talent and it put the pot labeled "pugilistic soup" to boiling again.

Among the stylishly dressed gentlemen who push leather for a living and who caused considerable 'gawping' among the natives were, Tommy Loughran, light heavyweight champion of the world; Mickey Walker, middleweight champion of the world; Mushy Callahan, world's junior welterweight champion; Ace Hudkins, holding no championship but how he can hold a crowd; Armand Emanuel, the boxing barrister with the championship bee buzzing in his Stetson; Kid Francis, Italy's gift to the bantamweight division and Earl Mastro, young Chicago featherweight who looks like a champion in the making.

And in addition to all this famous boxing talent, the lesser lights seemed to brace up with new inspiration caught from the presence of so many notable chamois pushers.

What's all this Las Vegas fight talk—well two-gun Tom Kennedy of Hollywood and the whoopee boys of this new boom town, want to do something to elevate the fight game and incidentally advertise their town. So they hit upon the idea of staging a championship fight over the twenty round route between Mickey Walker and Ace Hudkins on July 4.

"Goldfield up to date," that's Las Vegas, they say. Main street property is selling for $250 a front foot and sixteen inches of pine board to watch a fight will bring $25.

The optimists say they can't miss—the pessimists say wait 'til they start building an arena—Jack Kearns says "sure, lay 150 grand on the line." It used to be 100 grand with the dapper doctor but what's $50,000 out in the wild and woolly West.

George Wingfield, one of Nevada's richest miners is the 'angel' behind the throw. Wingfield, lest it be forgotten, had no small share in the promotion of the Gans-Nelson affair at Goldfield.

HYMIE MILLER, in his first start as a professional, defeated Domingo Suzana, Filipino boxer, by virtue of a technical K.O. in the fourth round at Pasadena.

Long Tom Hawkins, colored heavy, defeated Bearcat Wright, also colored, at San Diego. He reversed a decision the Bearcat won in a previous shindy.

The State Boxing Commission has finally withdrawn its objection to Joe Dundee, welterweight champion appearing in California, thus giving promoter Ancil Hoffman of San Francisco, who has been chasing a Jackie Fields-Joe Dundee championship bout for some months, a clear road.

Benny Kid Carter is back in Los Angeles after seeing Paris. He was going good here a year ago, weighing 120 pounds, he now weighs 126.

Biddy Bishop, Nationally known boxing man, now of Seattle, is about to enter our little community with Wildcat Carter, colored lightweight sensation of the great Northwest.

When death overtook Larney Lichtenstein, he was preparing to 'celebrate' his life long ambition—to manage a world's champion.

Old Larney as his friends called him cherished the hunch that Baby Joe Gans would take Sammy Mandell like Grant took Richmond.

Had Larney lived, the match would surely have been made. Both New York and Los Angeles wanted it.

Lichtenstein during his picturesque career of more than 30 years, handled some splendid fighters but probably none as devoted to him as Baby Joe Gans—Baby Joe accompanied the remains of his manager to New York for burial.

Joey Thomas, Chicago featherweight, may look like Bud Taylor as the press agent said, but Hollywood fight fans know well now that he doesn't fight like Taylor.

Ignacio Fernandez gave the tow-headed kid from the Windy City quite a pasting at Movie-town.

Ernie Peters, little red-skin flyweight dropped a close and hard fought batle to Newsboy Brown at the Olympic but made such a tremendous hit with the customers, that he is the hottest little man in Los Angeles with the possible exception of Speedy Dado.

Peters and Dado would be a sizzler—a regular rainbow in fact.

And for color, our little community's future book actually glitters. Jimmy McLarnin and Mushy Callahan for the junior welterweight title. Jackie Fields and Joe Dundee for the welterweight crown. Hudkins, the untamed kitty and Mickey Walker—maybe. Fidel LaBarba and Kid Francis for the vacant bantamweight title.

From here and there I pick up a little saddening also brightening news.

Calfornia friends of Eddie Mead, Cleveland boxing manager and matchmaker, were shocked to learn of his illness. Amiable Eddie, as his friends call him, was unable to attend to his many duties for six weeks. He spent a month at Hot Springs, convalescing.

During Mead's absence business was conducted by Eddie Borden, Cleveland's Ring correspondent and conductor of the feature, 'A Corner in the Fistic Market.'

This writer delights in hearing from young boxers, boys desiring to show their talent in a National Boxing Center such as California offers are invited to get in touch with me at the same old stand—5007¼ S San Pedro street, Los Angeles.

FROM ERIE, PENNA.

By F. A. THOMAS

IN a ten-round head-liner at the Carney Auditorium, Young Jack Dempsey, of Conneaut, knocked out Yankee Jack Smith, New York heavyweight.

In a six-round preliminary, Johnny Piai, Greenville husky, beat Kid Savage, of Syracuse. They are welters.

At the Erie Arena, Johnny O'Keefe of Columbus beat Babe Herman, New York lightweight.

Dominick Profio, of Pittsburgh, put the skids under Jack Niemic, Buffalo boy, in the third round.

Heavy Andrews, Erie's smiling welter, in his comeback, knocked out Joey Kaufman in the fifth round at Buffalo, N. Y.

In the best heavyweight bout that has ever been staged in Erie, Young Jack Dempsey and Tony Fuente, Mexican, banged away at each other for ten rounds and the decision was a draw.

The six-round semi-final brought together Chet Thomas, Boston negro, and Joey Gainor of Syracuse. It also ended in a draw.

In a six-round preliminary, Honeyboy Shimar, Williamsport, got the nod over Jimmy Hogan, local product. Hogan showed to good advantage in the closing chapters.

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"FRISCO LEFT-HOOKS"
By J. MALDONADO

A NEW welterweight stepped into the limelight in the person of Dummy Mahan, who dumbfounded boxing fans by stopping Johnny Priston in two rounds. The dummy scored five knockdowns in all, and that's nuf said.

Al Gracio won an eight round decision over Eddie Dampier at Sacramento.

Frankie Cambell made his fifth come back a success by knocking out Bud Doyle of San Jose in the ninth round. In the semi-final, Freddie Hoppe and Larry Murphy went to a six round draw. In the other bouts Richie Mack, a sub, stole the show by outpointing Don Meyers in a clever fight.

Jackie Roberts won over Jim Stanislaus, six rounds, while Jack Kirk and Eddie White fought a draw and Kazuo Takahashi lost to Alex Carrion in a close contest.

Johnny Norman defeated Frankie Novey in six rounds at Sacramento.

Young Corbett and Pete Meyers fought a terrific ten round draw. Corbett was a little behind but his fast finish earned him the draw.

Fred (Windy) Winsor is all smiles as he has signed his welter, Dummy Mahan, to meet Young Corbett at the State Armory. A packed house is anticipated.

The Reno Kid is back with a record of eleven straight victories. This is the name given to Charley Miller, who has been going great guns in Reno, Nev.

The next bantam champion, Kid Francis, showed his wares in San Francisco and went over with a bang. He beat Joe Lynch, veteran featherweight, who has been going great of late. Lynch tried hard and deserves credit for the stand he made, but he was out-boxed, out-slugged and out-classed all the way.

Boy Walley is back from El Paso, Texas, where he trounced Pinky Urquida, the highly rated Indian flyweight. This marks the second time Walley defeats Urquida.

Speedy Dado was fed an easy one in the person of Bobby Garcia, whom he stopped in a round.

Young Harry Wills was stopped in seven rounds by Al Gracio who subbed on a day's notice. This will be the end for Wills as a top notcher and a drawing card. Keep your eye on this Gracio lad.

Promoter Tommy Simpson has come out of seclusion and will start boxing shows at the Oakland Auditorium soon.

Tommy is now seeking an opponent for Jimmy Duffy, the Oakland flash.

Frankie Klick has started training and seeks bouts.

Pop John Burdicks' stable now includes Sammy Offerman, Jr., lightweight; Joe Montes' the Jumping Mexican Bean, featherweight, and Kid Cadilac, a Filipino, flyweight.

Al Robinson, flyweight, will make his trip East in May, so watch out flyweights, Al is a pocket edition of Al Brown.

Sammy Offerman defeated "Battling" Bolo in a fast ten round bout which was chuck full of action. In the semi-final "Battling" Bulahan was given a doubtful victory over Frankie Holland in the second round. Bulahan is a Filipino.

Alex Carrion, Filipino, won from Roy Riley on a foul in the first. Johnny O'Donnell won a four round decision from Eddie Cleveland, Filipino, in the best bout of the evening. Both men scored a knockdown. Al Robinson, 107 lbs, defeated Jimmy Demetro, 118 lb. Filipino, in four rounds. Sergio Radam, Filipino, and Q. Kimura fought a draw. Johnny Lavery won from Millard Cowan. This was a card which featured Filipinos vs. All Nations, and was staged by Al Young, promoter.

Jimmy Evans, welterweight, has left for the East where he will try his luck. Good luck Jimmy.

K. O. Eddie Roberts plans a few fights here in the Bay Region. Roberts recently made a comeback and defeated Frisco McGale in ten rounds. Eddie wants to meet the best in this section, an the best here are Young Corbett, Jimmy Duffy, Al Gracio, and Eddie Dampier.

GALVESTON RING NOTES
By VICTOR EMANUEL
Galveston News Sports Editor

THE most pleasing boxing show staged in Galveston in more than a year was the opening fight card of 1929 promoted by Miles Strickland on January 8. A large crowd attended to see Bob Lawson defeat Billy Podraza in a headliner that was full of action and Billy Podraza scored a 12-round defeat to Pedro Arvizu. Good as the main bout was the semi-final stole the show.

This Billy Podraza, Houston boy who holds the Texas lightweight championship, is a real favorite here.

On January 21 Benno Sproule staged a show. One bout, between Pablo Alihandro and Kid Saurez was interesting with Alihandro getting the decision but the final in which Soldier Joe Garrett spanked Brooks Hooper, was a drab affair.

The Galveston Boxing Commission, at a special session Jan. 23, reprimanded Benno Sproule, promoter for the Ocean and Business Men's Athletic Clubs for announcing that Joe Garrett held a victory over Billy Podraza and had him retract. It was proven that in their two previous meetings, the Houston battler had received the decision.

The boxing game is now on a better basis locally than at any time during the past two years. The Boxing Commission composed of Colonel John Young and E. R. Davis have done much to eliminate the undesirable element from the game and to place it on a high level ethically. They have gone on record as favoring all-white cards and local promoters are dickering with Young Stribling, Tod Morgan and other stars.

Galveston boxing ranks head and shoulders above boxing in any other city of the state. Better boys are brought here and they fight to better crowds and all concerned with the sport are under drastic regulation to keep the game clean.

MONTREAL NEWS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ARTHUR GIROUX of Montreal, has firmly established himself as a contender for flyweight honors, if his recent bouts are any criterion. After handing Frankie Genaro a decisive lacing in Portland, he dropped a close decision to Willie Davies in Toronto and then redeemed himself on Jan. 15 by whipping Harry Goldstein in a 12 rounder in Portland.

If Art keeps on sticking champions' feathers in his ring sky-piece, Gene Brosseau will have a candidate for an Indian tribe in his sensational young flyweight.

Brosseau is very anxious for his boy to have a shot at Frenchy Belanger, Canadian flyweight boss, or Steve Rocco, from whom Belanger recently copped the title. Alec Moore, Montreal's astute promoter, will find another good meal ticket awaiting the call when he stages his cards at the Forum this Spring.

Bobby Leitham, callenger for the Canadian Bantam title, is likely to get his rights in the near future. Joe Villeneuve wil have to defend his crown soon and as Leitham was the first to file a challenge, it is very likely that the Montreal Commish will see to it that he gets the shot. Quebec City may get the match in early spring as Sam Gibbs, who is managing the Montreal flash; is pressing his claims in no uncertain terms.

A benefit program for Kid Mitchell of Quebec was staged at the Prince Arthur Hall recently with the performers giving their services gratis. The show was arranged by Jimmie Britt, Jimmy Knox, Jimmie McKimmie, and Benny Cohen and several hundreds were present to make the affair a success. It was staged just in time as Mitchell succumbed to consumption the next day and the proceeds went to his widow and children.

Johnny Morris, Battling Tracey (Sig Hoiseth), Eddie Carroll, Leo Lafotaine, George Ashe, Jimmie Britt were the more prominent boxers in the classy displays the fans were treated to and they were readily applauded for their efforts. Name any other sport that aids a former comrade in misfortune like the fight game does.

The amateurs are being kept in shape with regular shows, and several prospects are coming to the front. Bill Wagner is the latest heavyweight hope of the province and is likely to win the Dominion heavy title in April. Wagner steps around at a speedy clip, is a smart boxer and hard hitter. For a big boy he sports one of the snappiest left hands the writer has ogled.

Dinny White, the new Supervisor of Boxing, has been using one of his own ideas at the last few amateur shows. Dinny has each competitor step on the scales as soon as they strip and they must be evenly matched in weight before they are allowed to grace the ring to see how they are matched in skill. The new regulation has proved popular with practically all the boxers and coaches and is likely to be enforced in future. The "practically" is for those exceptions who have been taking advantage of the over-weight stunt.

IN ROCHESTER, N. Y.
By ROCKY CONTI

THE Rochester Sporting Club, with Ans Carroll as matchmaker, opened its doors on Jan. 28 with a bang at convention Hall. Maxie Rosenbloom and Jack McVey were the headliners. Rosenbloom won in 10 rounds.

Joe Trippe, local lightweight favorite, was also on the card. He won a close 6 round bout from Ray Romney of Niagara Falls in one of those slam bang bouts that the local fans crave for. This was Trippie's first bout in Rochester in over a year and the way it looks that Joe will be soon topping the cards again.

Jack Singer, Buffalo boxing manager, is singing the praises of his highly touted protege, Tommy Paul, crack Buffalo bantamweight. Paul recently gave Frankie Genaro a lacing in Buffalo in a six-round bout.

Christy Hart, Rochester's crack featherweight, gets the honor of being the first boy to win by a knockout for the new boxing club in Rochester. He stopped Mike Maskal of Buffalo in the second round due to a bad cut over Maskal's eye.

Ans Carroi, matchmaker for the Rochester Sporting Club, announced that he will give the local fans good bouts in the near future.

Henry Furst who has been promoting boxing bouts in Italy has arrived in this country with Dino Tempesti lightweight champion of central Italy who on Jan. 11 defeated Billy Streeter in a 15 round bout at Liverpool, England. Tempesti can be booked through the writer.

Eddie Mischler, Buffalo featherweight, made a hit with the local fans when he defeated Joe Atta th fighting barber in a six-round bout in a preliminary to the Rosenbloom and McVey bout.

Dixie Kid, dusky light heavyweight, after being knocked out of the ring, came back to give Jack Morgan a licking in 6 rounds.

Phil Verde, local featherweight star, surprised local fans when he went to Buffalo on New Years afternoon and boxed a draw with Billy Kowalick, fast promising Buffalo featherweight.

Armory boxing started in Rochester on Feb. 14, with Michael Christie as its matchmaker. Christie has been promoting bouts in Cleveland.

Bobby Wallace, who a few years ago met some of the best featherweights in the country, is training daily.

Managers and promoters seeking information regarding this territory can write to Rocky Conti, 745 North St., Rochester, N. Y.

FROM CENTRAL NEW YORK
By HOWARD C. HOSMER

GARFIELD JOHNSON, Joe Netro's latest colored star, beat Murray Gitlitz, substituted for Maxie Rosenbloom in 10 ten rounds at the Arena A. C. of Syracuse. The club is under new management, with Jimmy Smith at its head.

Gary Leach of Indianapolis, now making Syracuse his headquarters, stopped Johnny Haystack, Binghamton middleweight, in the seventh round.

In an earlier card, the last shown by Joe Williams at the Arena under popular prices, Gary Leach stopped George Nichols in two rounds.

Steve Halaiko, national amateur lightweight champion, returned to his home town, Auburn, where he got his start, to box in a bout for the first time since his return from the Olympics. Steve easily beat Frankie White of Rochester in a three-round bout under A. A. U. sanction. There is no mistake that Halaiko is a fistic gem.

Bucky Lawless of Auburn won from Jackie Horner in six rounds.

Con O'Kelly, Irish heavyweight star, scored a hollow victory over George Gemas of Philadelphia in a Syracuse topliner when he was awarded a technical k. o. by Joe Morrison, Binghamton referee, in the third round.

Honeyboy Shimar of Williamsport won a six-round decision from Johnny Delaney, green Syracusan.

Gene Baldoni of Wilkes-Barre beat Freddy Dawson of Jamestown in six rounds. Tony Petts and Harry Pinti, Central New York feathers, went six rounds to a draw.

Patsy Russo won a four-round verdict over Fred Faris.

LOUISVILLE AND VICINITY
BY PAUL WARNER

THE first show of the year at Louisville had Sammy Price of Benton Harbor, Mich., putting the skids to Jackie Reynolds of Terre Haute in the sixth round.

Frankie Nancy of Pittsburgh and Howard Jones of Louisville fought eight rounds to a draw.

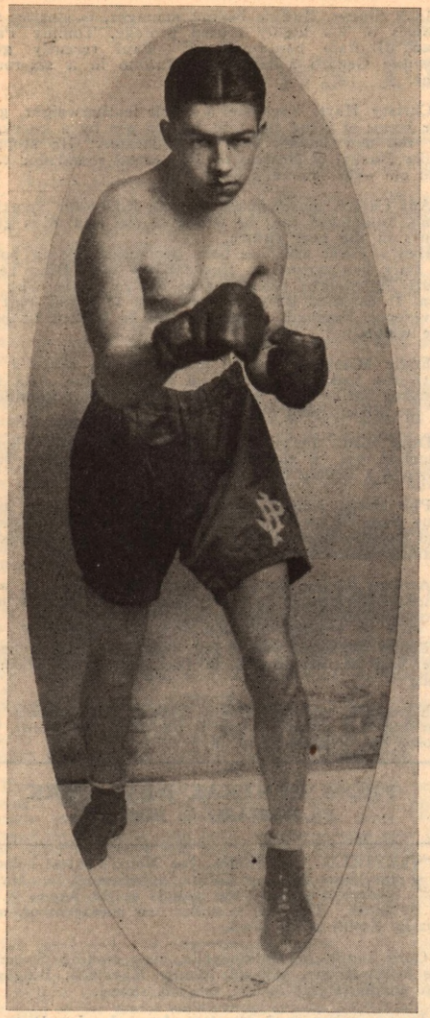
Danny Budd, Terre Haute, K. O.'d Honeyboy Brown of Louisville in second round at Owensboro, Ky.

On the same card Roy Meeks, Louisville, 128 and Kid Lewis Jeffersonville, Indiana, fought eight fast rounds to a draw.

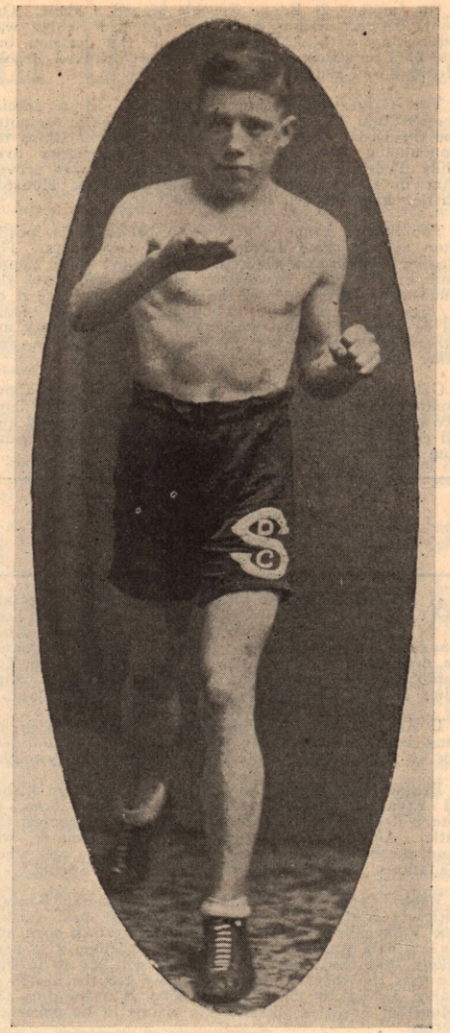
Jimmy Byrne, Kentucky's outstanding heavyweight, is home on a visit. He has been fighting out of Boston and says he has had quite a bit of work.

An up-to-date gym is being run at Jeffersonville in the American Legion Hall and plenty of fighters, old and new, are working every night.

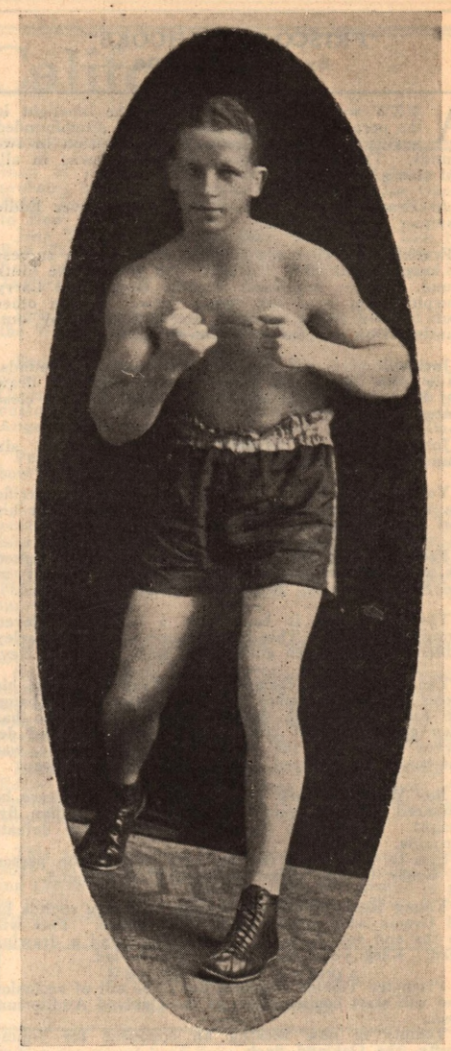
Anyone caring for information may address the writer at Jeffersonville, Indiana.



Jimmy Powell, a featherweight from Macon, Georgia.



Dicky Corbett, younger brother of the British feather king. He is coming to this country.



Gustavo Camara, a Mayaguez, Porto Rico featherweight.

FROM PORTO RICO

By MIKE SANTIN, "WON KAYO" AND "FRAGATO"

BEFORE the greatest crowd that ever attended a boxing match in the island, Pete Martin, idol of Porto Rico and native 140 lb. champion, beat Hilario Martinez, well known in the states.

Hilario later teamed up with Atilio Sabatino, owner of a hefty punch and Martinez redeemed himself by whipping Sabatino. He was too clever for the Porto Rican.

Angel Tejeiro, another Spanish importation, was beaten in a 10 round affair by our lightweight king, Ray Rivera. The bout was a humdinger.

All Spain is with us this fall. Another of Paulino's country-men has shown his wares to our fans. He is Tony Ascencio, featherweight with a hefty sock. He has so far knocked out the three men, Stephen Levermore of England, in 3 heats; Felix Casiano, Army battler, 2 rounds; and Cacrico Flores in 4.

Alfredo Ross, still another Spanish battler, beat Connie Josenio, Polish middleweight after ten sensational rounds. Another victim of Ross was Jack Kid Bates, veteran American, whom the European stopped in the sixth.

Clivilles, leading middleweight, seems alright in battling Porto Ricans, but when he gets into a ring with an American, he just won't do. He recently was soundly beaten by Mervin K. O. Kelly. Before that bout Clivilles toppled over his erstwhile rival, A. Villanueva, the scholar-fighter, in seven cantos.

Essau Stephens, the St. Thomas Man Killer, stopped Francisco Soler, of Mayaguez, in the third round.

Pedro Benitez, southpaw Kayo artist, added another name to his rapidly growing list by taking the measure of Bonifacio Melendez, in the seventh. Jose Quiles, El Loco, is another knockout. He recently kayoed R. Rivera.

Kid Harold, of the Southern States, after receiving much publicity acclaiming him as a near-champion, entered the ring with K. O. Kelly, and Kelly, true to his monicker, dropped him in the second.

Harold then fought Rosendo Cepeda and was outpointed in ten rounds.

Al Clemens, the fighting trobadour, stopped Ralph Denton in the sixth.

Tony Villa, bantamweight, kayoed Gus Camara in the third.

Eddie Carn, Porto Rican, won a judge's decision over Jorge Mesina, of the Phillipines.

Luis Angel Torres, former pupil of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, won on a technical K. O. over Carmelo Ayala, former Army Ace.

Paulino the Pug, former woodchopper and now one of the most formidable challengers for the heavyweight championship of the world, is scheduled to fight here, but the Commission did not sanction the Urban-Paulino bout, declaring Urban was no match for the woodchopper. And, frankly, we also think so. Nevertheless, we shall soon see the Man of Many Managers in action.

Felipe Curuanu, colored junior welter of Cuba, got the decision from Lou Honora, game battler of Harlem, New York.

Manuel de Leon, another Cuban, lost on a foul to E. S. Fortier in the first.

Ray Ortega and Jose Lago, both of San Juan, boxed a hard six rounder to a draw. They are flyweights.

In the semi-final Tony Ascencio, ex-bantamweight Champion of Europe, now a featherweight, knocked out Felix Casiano in the third round.

Herminio Moreno, colored lightweight of Bayamon, drew with Victor Irizarry in six rounds.

Battling Rosa, Aguadilla veteran featherweight, decissively outpointed Steve Lermore of Jamaica.

Tony Ascencio of Oran (Spain), knocked out Carlos Flores in the six round.

Sinduffo Diaz, of San Juan, was the winner over Luis M. Caballero, of Caguas. Diaz scored several knockdowns over his opponent. Diaz is an excellent little boxer.

Fragato, one of The Ring correspondents, will gladly represent managers wishing to send their good boys (welters that can take middles preferable(to Porto Rico. Best references and sport relations assured. Most liberal propositions. Address P. O. Box 536 Mayaguez, P. R.

HYPNOTISM

Would you possess that strange mysterious power which charms and fascinates men and women, influences their thoughts, controls their desires and makes you supreme master of every situation? Life is full of alluring possibilities for those who master the secrets of hypnotic influence; for those who develop their magnetic powers. You can learn at home, cure disease and bad habits without drugs, win the friendship and love of others, increase your income, gratify your ambitions, drive worry and trouble from your mind, improve your memory, overcome domestic difficulties, give the most thrilling entertainment ever witnessed and develop a wonderfully magnetic will power that will enable you to overcome all obstacles to your success.

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Bobby Amster, 135 ounder of Newark. A good club attraction

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JOHN N. "POP" DOWNEY, father of the "Four Fighting Downeys" died at Columbus on c. 27. One son, Bryan, fought several times for the middleweight title.

Joey Goodman, sensational lightweight from Cleveland, knocked out Jimmie Brown in the 5th round at the Armory.

In another 6 rounder, Jimmy Sanzone defeated Al Walters of Terre Haute.

Cincinnati ushered in the New Year with a bang-up show under the direction of Tommy Hefferman at Music Hall arena.

Freddie Miller and Cecil Payne were the headliners in the main event. It was a 10 round bout and a "natural."

Vince Hambright knocked out Paul Anthony of Omaha in the 9th round.

Tacoma Kid continues to win regularly. During the past month the Kid beat Cy La Marr in 6 and then had "Shuffles" Jerome dance to his music in 4 heats.

It looks as though Billy Rose has had the "runout" from the boys around Cincinnati. Recent victories over Augie Pisano and Tony Escalante have put Billy on the shelf on account of lack of opponents.

His brother-manager, Chickie, would like no better than to show Billy in the East, or elsewhere.

Any promoter desiring Billy on his card can do so by getting in touch with Chicky Rose, 278 Renner St., Cincinnati, O., or the writer.

Eddie O'Dowd, veteran Columbus featherweight, won the nod over Homer Ronan, Newark youngster, in a 10 round shindy at Columbus.

The scribe would be pleased to hear from Chip Selby, retired Middletown (O.) lightweight, at the earliest date.

Drop me a line Chip, pronto!

Jimmy Reed, Florida featherweight, is headed Cincinnati way, it is rumored.

The Columbia System's array of mitt wielders under the guidance of Earl Butler, demonstrated their stuff twice during the past month before the local B. P. O. E lodge and at the Alms Hotel for the Commercial Art Club.

Gus Sanzere, local fight manager, has purchased part interest in Broadway Johnny Cox's contract on Farmer Joe Cooper, former Indiana welter contender, now making his home in Los Angeles.

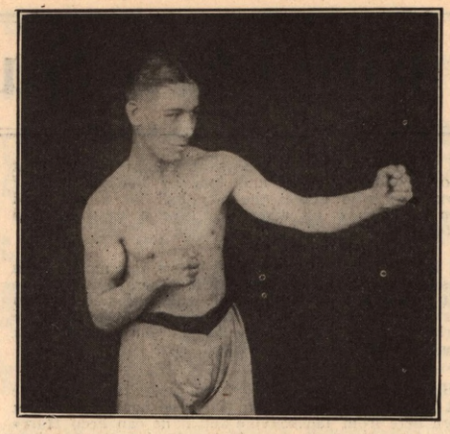
Cooper may show in Cincy at an early date.

The Ring is one of the most popular and best selling magazines in Southern Ohio. Local readers are continually looking forward to the next month's issue.

Joey Goodman beat Chet Smallwood at the Armory.

Babe Kellar, Toledo, the state bantam titleholder, trimmed Jimmy McDermott, Indiana champion, in a 10 round battle at Music Hall.

Midget Guery, Newport, Ky., welter, is planning a comeback.



Jimmy Thornton, a good two-fisted British featherweight.

Dayton, O.—Tate Langford outpointed Tommy Glenn of Springfield in a 10 round bout.

In the 8 round semi-final Babe Dave and Jim Relly fought a draw.

E. J. Gordon of Middletown writes that his star bantam, Jimmie Gordon, is ready for action with the best. Since his return to the ring Jimmie has made rapid progress, and is now being labeled "The Steel City Terror."

The annual Fenwick Club amateur tournament was held on Jan. 14 with the finals being run a week later.

Johnny Datto, the Cleveland Filipino junior lightweight, returned to the Armory during the past month and handed Jimmie Borde, the "French Tiger," a licking in the feature 6 round bout.

At Newark, O., on Jan. 15, Dudley Ring, Cincy welter, defeated Joe Boiychan of that city on points in 12 rounds.

Nordi Smith of Newark won on a technical knockout over Earl Smith of Logan in the semi-final.

Sammy Harris, the "Akron Colored Flash," came through with colors flying in his recent bout with Chet Smallwood of Terre Haute.

Sammy is under the colors of "Ping" Auber, Akron manager, and has had 40 fights too date, and has yet to lose.

Youngstown, O.—Roleaux Saguero, Cuban light-heavyweight, knocked out Willie Walker, New York negro, in the 7th round here on Jan. 15.

Cecil Payne, former Louisville featherweight, now fighting out of Queen City under Jack Laken's management, jumped up to Detroit and beat the tough Billy Shaw in a 6 round bout.

Jack Laken, local fight-pilot, purchased the contract of Harry Kid Brown, Philadelphia lightweight, from Al Lippe recently.

Bobby Amster, Newark, N. J. lightweight, wants a shot at some of the Southern Ohio leaders.

Dayton, O.—Tate Langford of Dayton trimmed Reddy Blanchard, St. Paul, in 10; Joey Lawrence beat Jim Kelly (8); Babe Dare and Pal Moore, draw (6); Steve Gauder shaded Phil Flint (4); Rocky Dolan and Young Hippard, draw (4).

Pat Daly, veteran lightweight from Cumminsville, has decided to hang up his mitts after 8 years of warfare.

Vince Hambright, Cinci's welter contender, is again going at a fast clip.

On Jan. 18, at Indianapolis, "Filipino Vince" knocked out Buddie Lee, the "Nashville Jumping Jack," in 3 heats.

The featherweight title of Cincinnati was decided on Jan. 23, at Music Hall when Freddie Miller, the speedy champion, successfully defended his mythical crown against Johnnie Brown, the bantam king, in a 10 round mill.

One of the largest indoor crowds in the Queen City turned out for the battle, which spelled defeat for the former state amateur champion.

In the semi-final of 8 rounds Harry McCarthy, Cinci's former bantam king, staged a great comeback by beating Gypsy Williams, the Toledo ace.

McCarthy fought one of the best battles of his career.

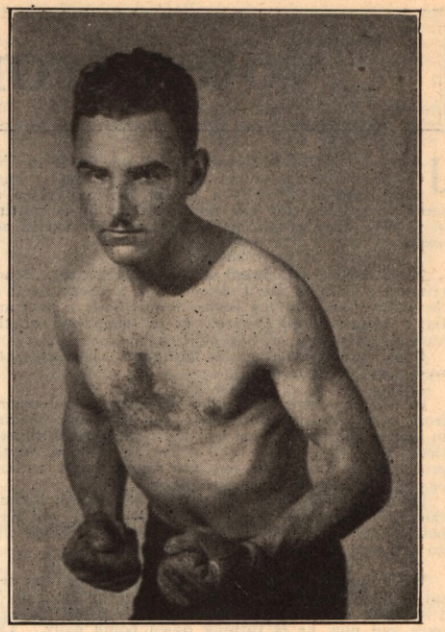
In the prelims, which were crowded with action, Eddie Myers of Chicago copped the decision over the Boston Filipino, Alpidio Dizon, in 8 rounds.

Tiger West trimmed Jimmy Finklea in 6, while Vic Ross won over Johnny Bass in the 4 round opener.

Frank Rappold, widely known Cincinnati manager, was recently confined to his home, suffering from a broken leg due to a fall on the ice. His rapid recovery is being looked forward to.

Rapid Waters, former Queen City middleweight, is now fighting with fair success up in Detroit.

Any information concerning the game hereabouts can be had by addressing the scribe, in care General Delivery, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Claude Hutcherson, a Plainfield, Texas lightweight.

IN NORTHEASTERN OHIO RINGS

By FRED K. SCHULLER

EMMETT ROCCO, rising heavy from Ellwood City, Pa., who fights most of his battles in Youngstown and Akron, has had a badly cut lip which prevented him carrying out some of his scheduled fights. He lost to Jack Gross in a 10-round bout in Madison Square Garden of New York on Jan. 25.

Rocco, a burly, keg-built battler, who puts out a style of ring tactics that make him tough for any battler, furnished a big surprise to fandom of this district, and perhaps the entire boxing world, when he recently beat Joe Sekyra at Youngstown.

Joe R. Basco, Akron promoter, who makes Barberton his headquarters, rumor has it, will take several of his scrappers to South Africa with him soon, for a 12-month's invasion of South Johannesburg. Sailor Larsen, Benny Burns, and Frankie Wine will probably make the trip with him.

Basco has what is probably the outstanding set of ringmasters in the state. His boys fight regularly, and recently Franke Wine gained the verdict over K. O. Christener, of Akron.

L. A. "Buck" Buchanon, of the Mullins Manufacturing Corporation has charge of the arrangement of fight shows for the Mullins Foremen's club, which put on two classy bills last year.

Judge's decisions of the fights of Buchanon's last show are as follows: Prelims—Young Jeff, Lisbon, 155, technical kayo over Jackie Smith, Canton (2); K. O. Moran, Canton, kayoed Young Noble, Alliance (2); Joe Long, 110, Alliance, and Young Cerone, Dover, draw (4). Semi-final—Don Burchard, 130, Detroit, and Teony Leone, Dover, draw (6); Lee Hardy, Detroit, 133, won decision over Sammy Lupica, 135, Toledo.

MANAGERS ATTENTION

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Grand Rapids, Michigan

Notes from Florida's Sunny Clime

JACK DEMPSEY stepped in at the death of Tex Rickard and has shown that he is as good a business man as he was a boxer. He may sleep at some time, but don't ask me when for he is putting in a busy time at Miami Beach with his varied activities.

We had Benny Leonard with us this month. Benny refereed a bout at the Coliseum and a battle royal at the other club. In the latter, Benny took a mitt and did a little socking himself every time one of the brunette boys got within his reach.

Benny pulls Jim Corbet's stuff, but his stories are, well, a trifle different.

In Miami boxers outnumber the tourists and reports from other boxing centers say the boys are flocking in hourly. A lot of them will walk home much thinner than when they came. All of which is hard on the promoters. They can put on dandy cards without paying out a dime in transportation.

Loud squawks from other places last month because their stuff did not get in. Next month I will have better space and will try to care for all. Those who do not send in the dope cannot expect a play.

With dozens of high class boys in Miami, the sensation of the last month is Red Riley from Troy, N. Y. I sent for him to come down here. He came. Fought once and now he is turning down bouts daily. This bird sure is a crowd pleaser.

First they fed him Johnny Gerarden, the tough (and tight) boy from the Pacific Coast. They then gave him Maxie Pelz, touted as a great Hebrew battler. Red knocked Maxie cold. Next was Abie Bain. And now they are trying to dig up a real tough boy for Red.

Fred Douglas, (not Ed), is promoting for the Tuttle Arena. Fred is from Philly and knows his stuff. He put on a good opening card and expects to operate the year round.

Bobby Burke is matchmaker for the Harvey Seeds club and I hope he does better than Jack Britton did last year. Benny Touchstone, was the attraction at his second show.

Eddie Maguire, the referee, has opened a gym which seems to have taken all the business away from the place up town. It is in the heart of the city, right across from Matchmaker Slattery's office and saves the boys carfare.

Lee Collins has a boy who is liable to develop into a real battler. He is Red Yeomans, a middleweight. Click Conner's hand is not healed yet.

A boy from Hell's Kitchen blew in the other day and when I saw his clip book, I grabbed him. His name is Sammy Rombo.o and his record shows nine knockouts in Madison Square Garden in 11 battles. He made a great record out on the coast, and I'll bet he will clean out a lot of these middleweights in the state before he hies back to New York.

In his first fight in months and in only fair condition he pulled out a draw with the tough Red Yeomans. Three boys ran out on him in his next booking and then he drew an easy one in Billy Moore of Indianapolis. They then gave him Red again and he won by a knockout. Mike Mullins was pie for this fighting chef. This boy 'KIN fight.

Received a loud wail from Young Wellons because his stuff was not in last month. Well, Cliff, I know you have been putting the skids under some pretty good boys, but I'll do better from now on.

Received a letter from Ben Aaron up in West Palm Beach, telling me about the good boys up there. I probably know every one of them better than he does and not a one he mentions rates mention here. I'll be glad to use results though if he sends them in.

Little Honey Boy Hughes, who came down here with Red Riley, has proved a big hit with the fans. He has won every start but one and then they threw him in with one of the cleverest lads I have seen in years and he was only outpointed.

Texas Ranger is back from a summer in western rings. Tex says he took on some of the best and gained 125 lbs. Tex later explained that he got married in St. Louis. His first bout here was with Rush Heise at the Tuttle Arena.

Heise came down with his manager, William Iams of Columbus, Ohio. Heise and Tex are light heavies. Heise made Tex step for eight rounds and the crowd enjoyed the heavy artillery.

Hayes Armstrong has added Bob Ingersoll to his stable. Bob is one of the most popular feathers ever to step into a Miami ring and the way he can slug is something to write about. Mutt Griffin, another popular little fellow is Armstrong's other ace.

Eddie Burl twice has run out of matches with Mutt, and Burl claims the bantamweight title of the entire south. And here is a paragraph for managers, good, bad and other kinds. Don't ask me to book your boys down here and then run out of the match after okaying it. Three times a certain manager has got me in wrong with promoters.

I quit. Enough good boys on the ground without risking disappointment and loss by booking out of town boys who expect the city hall for a bout and then don't show up when you give it to them gold plated.

I believe I have answered all letters this month from those who enclosed stamps. The others will have to wait although I inform all who enclosed pictures and literature that their stuff is adorning the walls of Curley's place over on the beach, and that is next door to Jack Dempsey's office.

Holmes Allen was not in town three days before he had the nucleus of a stable. Now he has Harry Allen down here from Jacksonville and if he can keep Harry away from the frails he will be shoving the kid into regular money the balance of the winter. Harry is a sweet little fighter, a fine kid and a born comedian. They like him up in Jacksonville.

Key West now is putting on regular shows under the direction of M. Dion, who is a real fellow. And by the way—he makes up his cards between Key West boys and lads from Miami.

I sent five boys down there last week and what did this big mug (he is about 5 ft. six) do. He sent me back five lads who were knocked for a loop. Five knockouts all on one side. What a helluva match-maker I would make.

Neil Graham, took 'em down—and dragged 'em back. And I always sent Neil into the ring with my boys. Well, they say you can't make horseshoes out of putty.

Graham, who, with Alex Simms last year, took about all the money out of the state, is still piloting Alex and also Johnny Lewis, a mighty nice little fighter. Johnny went out and got himself a job and manages to train and fight twice a week. Johnny the Barber.

Simms has only just arrived, but he has the jump on the others as the promoters and the fans remember him from last year. He boxed in every city in the state. He is the kind of club fighter who can repeat every place he shows.

A bout the other night pleased many. Spike Webb, a veteran and one of the finest lads I ever met in the game, knocked the ears off of High Hat Jimmy Murray. Spike looked better than ever and Murray appeared to be on his heels and far from the boy he was a year or so ago. It's the life.

And now I want to say a word for the cleverest kid that I have ever yet seen for his age. He is Johnny Colangelo from Little Falls, N. Y., and he weighs, at this time, 133 pounds. He can't dent a paper bag, but that will come later, with the proper instruction.

But can this kid box? Can a duck swim? They threw him in a four-round affair and it was ridiculous. They gave him a couple of six-rounders and his victims still are wondering what it was all about. They gave him an eight and they gave him the veteran Mike Kelly. The entire gang hit Johnny about six times.

Some months ago his manager, Mike Hurley, who is a real guy if ever there was one, wrote me and told me about this kid. I wrote Mike that if Johnny was only half as good as he claimed, he would be the hit of the season. Mike took my word and brought Johnny down.

The kid has boxed twice a week since landing here and has yet to register a loss. I have yet to see an opponent land a damaging blow on him although the other night he was butted into a cut eye. Mark my words, this lad will be attracting notice in the north inside of a year.

Please let me repeat for the last time. There is not a dime in the south, or at least Florida, for colored fighters. I understand they use them up the line a ways, but not here, except in the negro clubs. No mixed bouts. Save your stamps.

I can only hope that my good friend, Nat Fleischer, publisher of this sheet, has plenty of room this month because if he has not, the west coast is out of luck.

This west coast stuff is sent in by the genial "Tiny" Gastoff. I believe I told you about this pee wee last month. Here it is.

Tiny says the latest over there are the fights to a finish in the negro clubs. Let him tell it. He says;

In the first fight-to-a-finish affair Billy Long and Al Trout fought 19 rounds which ended in a double knockout. Both boys connected and both took the count. Easy on the referee.

The boys go 10 rounds. If both are on their feet at the end they leave the ring, rest five minutes and return for 10 more rounds. This is repeated until one man is out. Sweet.

Albert Leon of Tampa, kicked the slats out of Steve Stetson of Montgomery, Ala. Urban Solero was knocked out by Johnny Northcutt. This at Benjamin Field. Tampa. They are feathers.

Ernie Sagues lost his first in this country when Ted Goodrich was given a T. K. O. in their bout in Jacksonville. That killed a shot in Miami for Sagues, who was booked with Red Riley.

In Jacksonville Dick Gore took the nod over Billy O'Brien of Savannah.

In St. Petersburg, Mike Firpo grabbed a T. K. O. over Red Herring of Pensacola. We know it was Red even if he did bill himself as "Ken." They are light heavies.

In Lakeland Tommy Jones, welter, kayoed Ted Morgan in the second.

Lake Wales; George Fleming, 135, easily outpointed the "Polk County Wonder," whoever he is. Young Dean stopped Horace Whiddon.

Benjamin Field, Tampa; Pete Rivero lost to Johnny Northcutt. Kid Camero beat Casey Jones. Jimmy Dundee stopped Kid Torres. Benny Touchstone made a monkey out of Jimmy Francis and stopped him in the third. Francis is through as a boxer. Remember Tillie Kid Herman, Francis.

Orlando; Eddie Mack forfeited his purse when he took a dive in the second stanza in his bout with Young Manuel. Bobby Wilson, 130 kayoed Ed Stewart in the first.

COLUMBUS (OHIO) CHATTER

By H. E. SHINN

Columbus, Ohio—Homer Ronan of Newark, Ohio, who had been claiming the State featherweight championship, got a rude surprise when Eddie O'Dowd of Columbus, took every session of a 12-round battle. O'Dowd weighed 124 and Ronan 128.

In the semi-final of 10 rounds, Joe O'Malley took the decision over Shifty Dando. Both were out of condition and dog-tired after the second round. O'Malley had Dando in a bad way several times.

In the 10-round special Lou Bloom got the decision over Joe Boychan of Newark, in the limit. This was a good fight and a draw would have been better. Boychan took an early lead but Bloom came back to even it up in the closing rounds.

In the six-round opener Charley Dunlap of Columbus, outboxed Jackie Bryant of Dayton, for three rounds and then finished him in the fourth after flooring him for seven. Bryant was out for several minutes.

Mike O'Dowd journeyed to Pittsburgh where he beat Jackie Rogers in a thrilling fight.

Johnny O'Keefe beat Babe Herman of California, at Erie, Pa.

Mike O'Dowd took the decision over Billy Evans of Toledo at Fort Wayne, Ind. Just before this bout Evans defeated Johnny Datto, of Cleveland.

After chasing him all around the ring in the first round, Walter Palmer caught "Siege Gun" Greeley in the second and laid him out for the count.

The leading fighters in their divisions around here are: Walter Palmer, light heavy and heavyweight; Joe O'Malley, welter and middleweight; Johnny O'Keefe, lightweight and junior welter; Lou Bloom and Homer Ronan, junior lightweights; Eddie O'Dowd, featherweight; Mike O'Dowd, bantamweight, and Cy Mellman, flyweight.

Cy Mellman, Columbus flyweight, has moved to Akron. He may go under the management of Suey Welch.

In Zanesville, Alabama Kid of Columbus, defeated Andy Vassell, also of Columbus.

Lou Bloom met Eddie Shea in Chicago in the semi-final of the Canzoneri-Santiago fight and was stopped in the fifth round. It was his first defeat by knock-out. Shea also beat another Columbus fighter, Mike O'Dowd, on the Coast some time ago.

Johnny O'Keefe of Columbus, outpointed Eddie Kid Wagner in 10 rounds at Columbus Auditorium. Johnny lead from start to finish.

In the semi-final Wildcat Ernie Auskins of Mount Vernon, gave Dick McDonie of Huntington, a beating. It was a slam bang fight all the way.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

BENNY BASS must have put a stick of dynamite back of that punch that finished Red Chapman in the first round recently at the Arena. Bass landed a wicked right to the pit of the stomach and Chapman was counted out. It all happened in the first minute.

Ritchie King, lightweight, who has been going good in and around Philadelphia, handed Ernie Casear, a Quaker City 135-pounder, a beating at Atlantic City in eight rounds.

Theodore Roosevelt (Kid) Snowden, the Lincoln University middleweight, hung a terrific punch on the back of Eddie Dempsey's ear and finished him in the second round at the Arena. Snowden has a real punch and is improving in his boxing.

Ralph (Kid) Wagner, Sunbury middleweight and baseball pitcher, has been winning in his Phillie starts. He recently knocked out Vince Guidici.

The Arena judges must have been looking out of the window when they handed the "nod" to Sylvan Bass, of Baltimore, in his bout with Gene Bualo. The latter did most of the leading and hit harder.

Henri De Wankler, French fighter, who has been making Philadelphia his headquarters for quite a while, plans a few more bouts this winter and will then sail for his home in France.

Chairman Frank Weiner, of the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission, is glad the courts have ruled to keep amateur boxing under the jurisdiction of the Commission, and not let it revert to the A. A. U.

Arthur Flynn, the Lawrence, Mass., light heavyweight, made good in his first Philadelphia appearance when he stopped Jack Pry, of Scranton, recently at the Arena.

Tom Toner, the Irish heavyweight, is being brought along slowly by Hoff, Inc. If he is not rushed he may develop some day.

Collinsdale, a Philadelphia suburb, has a promising welterweight in Battling Schmidt.

Len Herring, who boxed in the amateur and professional ranks in and around Phillie, has returned to his home in Pensacola, Fla., and gone into business.

Harry Blitman, who has jumped from featherweight to junior lightweight ranks, was unable to go through with his Buck Fleming bout as he sustained minor injuries in his Arena comeback with Babe Herman, the veteran Californian.

Al Jackson, the Scranton fighter, returned to the Quaker City when he took on Lew Lafferty, former amateur star, at the Cambria Club.

A number of Philadelphians will attend the Jack Sharkey-Young Stribling heavyweight battle at Miami, Feb. 27 but apparently there is no wild rush to be among those present.

Before starting for the Pacific Coast, Tommy Loughran, light heavyweight champion, entertained a party of newspaper friends and told them he would not be satisfied until he fought for the heavyweight title.

Contracts for rebuilding the Arena have been awarded to Funk and Wilcox of Boston. As soon as the indoor boxing and ice hockey season closes work will start. It is planned to increase the seating capacity to 17,000 for boxing and 14,000 for hockey.

HUDSON COUNTY NOTES

EDWARD ZANFRINI

BOBBY BRADY of Jersey City, after a three months' layoff, returned to the ring, winning a 12-round decision over Jackie Cohen of Brooklyn, at the Oakland A. A.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, Harry Carlton of Jersey City, won the decision over Nat Arno of Newark, in a bout that had the fans in a frenzy.

Ossie Bobkin of Detroit, scored a technical knockout over Mickey Marchetta of Jersey City, in the fifth round.

Frank Di Giovanni of Hoboken, won over Johnny Pompey of Jersey City, in six heats.

Lope Tenorio, Filipino junior welter, and Jackie Shupack of Paterson, fought a 10-round draw before a capacity crowd of 4,500 at the Paterson Armory.

Freddie Polo, Bloomfield's hard-hitting southpaw, had little trouble in whipping Irish Fagan of Newark, in 10 rounds at the Newark Armory.

In the semi-final, Don Petrin of North Arlington, stopped Roscoe Hall of Paterson, in the second round.

Abie Bain of Newark, jabbed his way to a victory over Charlie Arthurs also of Newark, in eight rounds, while Kid Dixie won an unpopular decision over Silent Frank Moran.

Harry Mosco won a four round verdict over Andy Thomas while Hughey King bested Joe Horbeltin in a bout of the same duration.

Max Schmeling of Germany, knocked out Pietro Corri of New York, in one minute and two seconds of the first round at the Laurel Garden in Newark. A hard left followed by a right cross spelled finis for Corri.

Harry Martone of Jersey City, who was laid up for a while, will soon be seen in action around the local clubs.

Abie Bain showed a lot of class in stopping Herman Herse, sparring partner of Schmeling, in the third of a scheduled eight.

Gene Baker of Johnstown, Pa., kayoed Jack Sekan in the third, while Moe Fisher won the nod over Johnny McCann in a six-rounder.

After being dropped in the first round by Freddie Huber of North Bergen, Georgie Woods came back strong enough to win a hair-line decision over Huber after a gruelling ten-rounder, at the Grotto Auditorium in Jersey City.

Young Zazarino of Jersey City, knocked out Pancho Denico, the Filipino, in the first round of a scheduled ten-round semi-final.

Al Rowe of Philadelphia, won the verdict over Al Bryant of Newark in ten rounds of fast milling at the Laurel Gardens in Newark.

Jay Mecadon of Orange, stoped Herman Bernstein of New York, in the third round of a scheduled eight, while Moe Fisher and Benny Levine fought a lively draw after eight rounds.

Tony Caragliano of New York, stopped Phillie Griffin of Newark, in the third, dropping him three times.

Ossie Bobkin of Detroit, subbing for Jackie Cohen, won the decision over Jacinto Valdez.

Tony Melore of Jersey City, kayoed Frank Di Giovanni of Hoboken, in the third round of a scheduled six at the Lyric Theatre. After winning the first two rounds Frankie was dropped five times before he was out for keeps.

Tommy Dell scored a kayo win over Johnny Blaine in the fifth stanza of a six-rounder, while Johnny La France fought a draw with Johnny Ciereli after a hard fought battle of six rounds.

Mickey Marchetta finished Mickey Mayo in the third, while Al Tedesco kayoed Jimmy Kelly in the second of what was to have been a four.

SMOKY CITY NOTES

By BILLY LEWIS

THE-ON-AGAIN-OFF-AGAIN Howard Mayberry-Davey Adelman bout at last got under way at Jim McGirr's McKeesport Club. Mayberry copped the duke at the end of ten rounds.

Joe Kline has his fast little flyweight, Bobby Fleming, in training for two fights he has lined up for him. Bobby is training at the North Side Gym.

Bill Miller, Jack Flanigan's fighting Dutchman is back in training. He packs a K.O. in his left hook.

Harry Taylor and Georgie Peck were set down by the State Boxing Commission for contract trouble. Eddie Mahan, who still holds their contracts, offered to sell them their contracts but could not seem to make them realize that they could not continue boxing without his cut.

Joe Rigsby has very funny ideas as to what managers and contracts really mean. On New Years Day he took the writers boxer, Hughie Fetzer, to New Castle to box Nick Martin of Cleveland but failed to inform me of the fact.

John Livingstone and Bill Heckman have formed a partnership in managing boxers and it should work out OK for both John and Bill are well liked by all that know them. Good luck boys.

Abe Witz has a sweet looking bet in Young Smakey of Cannonsburg. In his first local start he stopped Mike Hogan in three rounds.

This city has a new fight club that is holding weekly shows in Moose Temple. Francis Flynn is the promoter. His first show went over with a bang. Flynn plans to use local boys and in that way develop another Harry Greb or a Jack Zivic. Out of town Managers can reach Flynn at 136 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sammy Paris, who has just turned pro., and who is under the managership of Red Mason, looked very good even in defeat. He boxed George Tomasky and gave the veteran Tomasky plenty fight.

Dave McConnell, Luke Carney's Irish fighter, has left Pittsburgh for Detroit. Dave looks like a good bet.

Jimmy Belmont of Braddock is sure one hard luck boxer. Jimmy, after a four month lay off, met Teddy Welsh in the new Moose Club and broke his hand.

Teddy Welsh of McKeesport, who has been on the side lines for a long while and who lost to Jimmy Belmont in his last start, looked much better than he has for a long while. His manager, L. M. Kress, has several fights lined up for him.

Ike Weir of San Francisco, who is now making this city his home, is trying to develop a few boys to take back home with him. Good luck Ike, it's a hard old grind.

The North Side A. C. team of Amateur boxers showed up well in the Junior championships and had two Champs returned and two runners up. George (Slip) Lehr, won the 135 lb. class, and Frank Novack the heavyweights. Mike Koppin went to the finals in the 175 and Paul Balint to the finals in the 126 lb. class.

After Hughie Fetzer went to New Castle to box without the consent of the writer ,it means the parting of the ways. Hughie is one of the best 160 lb boys in this city and I hope he becomes champion of the world. My only advice is that he get a manager and stick to him.

Georgie Peck is laid up with flu but is coming along nicely.

Johnny Ray has opened up a Gym. and health Institute in East Liberty. Ray is well known and liked and should do very well in his new place.

With Motor Sq. Garden running Mondays, Washington, Pa., running Mondays, New Castle running Mondays, McKeesport Thursdays and the New Moose Hall staging shows on Fridays, the game is going pretty well in and around Pittsburgh.

Sandy Seifert has left the Bronson Stable and gone over to Lou Brown and his friends from this city hope the change will do Sandy some good in the way of getting work.

This city is having a little war of it's own between the State Boxing Commission and the local A. A. U. Senator Harris now has a bill before the house to take amateur boxing from control of the State Commission and unless that is done there will be little or no amateur boxing in this city.

There is a rumor around town that Reed Brown is going to open a boxing club in the South Side Market House. A Club will go on that side of the river. Let's hope it's so.

Chink Davis, Dutchtown's lightweight favorite, is back in training. He is working out daily at the North Side A. C. Gym. Davis is managed by Bill Lehr, a man who knows boxing and boxers.

McKeesport Club has arranged what seems to be a real natural in the Dominick Profio-Young Rudy fight. The Profio-Rudy bout was one of the greatest slugging matches ever staged in ths city, Profiio was returned the winner. The McKeeport Club has rematched the boys for next month, and it is a sure bet that they will pack the hall.

Pittsburgh amateurs and Detroit amateurs staged an inter-city show, with Detroit taking 3 out of 5 bouts. The coach of Detroit, Billy Stewart, knows the game and has a good team.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

BY J. A. ADEA

ANNOUNCEMENT of the coming of Willie Gordon and a batch of Pacific Coast fighters has been made by the Olympic Stadium management to stir up the boxing game here.

City Councilor Mateo Herrera has introduced a measure for the establishment of a boxing commission to supervise and regulate the game in Manila.

Provincial boxing stadiums are getting quite active these months. The San Pablo Stadium in Laguna, the Cabanatuan Boxing Club in Nueva Ecija, the Orani Stadium in Bataan, and the Cebu Southern Islands Auditorium, among others hold regular cards every Saturday night. Boxing is getting a foothold in the provinces to judge from the net receipts.

Irineo Flores came within an inch of winning the lightweight championship when he sent Kid Moro, titleholder, to the canvas for a nine count in the tenth round of their contest. The bout was declared a draw.

Again an injustice was committed against Pablo Dano, who holds the fly and bantamweight championships, when he met Little Moro in a third encounter. Moro was given the "long count" by the referee and was saved from a sure knockout. A draw decision was given although Dano fairly won the bout.

Nick Malinao won an easy victory over Kaffir Boy in the semi-final.

A. B. Hall, member of the crew of the H. M. S. Hermes, proved to be an easy winner over Sandy McDougal of the U. S. S.Canopus, in the special event preceding the Kid Moro-Punay contest.

Punay was outguessed and outpunched by Moro, who came out an easy winner.

Young Firpo outpointed the veteran George Montanez in the semifinal.

In Our Question Box

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

O. C. Luckey, Farrell, Pa.

Q.—Who were the champions in the heavyweight division up to Fitzsimmons?

A.—American champions were Tom Hyer, John Morrissey, John C. Heenan, Joe Coburn, Mike CcCoole, Tom Allen, Joe Goss, Paddy Ryan, John J. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Robert Fitzsimmons.

A Reader, Duluth, Minn.

Q.—Where can I get a manager?

A.—Apply to Robert W. Krieger, 1452 E. 7th St., St. Paul, Minn.

Patrick Fitzsimmons, Michigan City, Ind.

Q. Where can I locate a good boxing instructor and gymnasium in Chicago? 2—In Grand Rapids?

A.—1—32 South Clark St. 2—Johnny Wirth, Elks Club.

Q.—If a man has boxing sufficiency, is age any hindrance?

A.—Age means loss of speed and vitality. Clever boxers with defensive skill, usually outlast those who depend on hitting.

A Subscriber, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 120 lbs. Am I too young to enter amateurs?

A.—Better practice for another year. Buy "Training for Boxers," issued by RING. Price $1.

Jas. Butler, Santa Monica, Calif.

Q.—How long has the Boxing Commission been in operation in Wisconsin?

A.—Since 1917.

Maxie Alper, Montreal, Canada

Q.—How old was Dempsey when he became a professional.

A.—First professional fight in 1915, when he was 20.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell and Tod Morgan?

A.—Terris, Jewish; Mandell Italian-Albanian; Morgan Scotch.

Q.—Was Benny Leonard ever knocked out?

A.—Twice. By Joe Shugrue in 1912, and by Frankie Fleming in 1913.

Q.—Was Tunney knocked out by Dempsey in their recent fight?

A.—No. Bout went limit and Tunney got the decision.

Lewis Newall, N. S. Canada.

Q.—Was Dempsey knocked down in the 8th round or did he slip down?

A.—Knocked down.

Q.—Was Tunney knocked down in the 10th round or did he slip down?

A.—Slipped.

Q.—Was Tunney in his neutral corner when Dempsey was down?

A.—No.

Bob Bauveus, Puritan Pa.,

Q.—Is a fighter permitted to put grease on his body during a bout? Why is it used?

A.—Forbidden by rules. Gloves slip on greasy surface.

Q.—Does the champion heavyweight receive any money from the government while he is champion?

A.—No. Champion pays thousands to government in income taxes.

Rod Martin, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—I work 8 hours a day. Will that interfere with my training?

A.—If your work calls for manual labor, the strain would be excessive.

Q.—How can I develop speed?

A.—Sprinting and light punching ball. Buy "Training for Boxers," is issued by RING. Price $1.

Neil Pascarella, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Where can I get a manager?

A.—Address Half Moon Gym., Coney Island.

Oakland, Calif.

Q.—Is 24 years too old to start professional boxing?

A.—Not if you have learned how to box.

Wm. Jackson, Phila., Pa.

Q.—Who was the first negro heavyweight champion of the world?

A.—Jack Johnson.

Q.—When did he begin to fight?

A.—1899.

John Hye, Hawaii.

Q.—How old was Dempsey when he started boxing?

A.—18.

M. Voisine, Quebec, Canada

Q.—I am 16 years old, 130 lbs. What will my weight be at 25? Can I ever be a heavyweight?

A.—Should weigh 175 at 25, the light-heavy limit.

Q.—Should I follow a special kind of training? Can this be found in "Training for Boxers"?

A.—You will find all desired information in "Training for Boxers," issued by THE RING. Price $1.

Fred Fiducia, Newark, N. J.

Q.—I am 14 years, 5 ft. 2 inches, 120 lbs. How tall will I be at 20 and what weight?

A.—At 20 you should weigh 160 and stand 5 ft. 8 inches.

George T. Genereux, Pawtucket, R. I.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 112 lbs. 5 ft. 2½ inches. How much will I weigh at full growth?

A.—At 20 you should weigh 140 and stand 5 ft. 6½ inches. Get "How to Train," from RING. Price $1.

Harold Goodroe, St. Albans, Vt.

Q.—How much does a preliminary boxer get? Is boxing a good way to earn a living?

A.—In New York $10 a round. Boxing is a good way to earn money if you are a good boxer.

Q.—Where can I get a manager? A license?

A.—Write to Frankie De Rice, Elks Club, Portland, Me.

Harry Silfies, Wilmington, Del.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 116 lbs., 5ft. 6½ inches. What will my height and weight be at full growth? How shall I train?

A.—At 20 you should weigh 160, stand 5 ft. 8 in. "How to Train',' issued by the RING, price $1, will give all desired information.

John Egbert, Hamilton, Ohio

Q.—Was Dave Shade in good condition when Joe Anderson beat him?

A.—Shade made no complaint as to condition.

Q.—Who would win a Joe Sekyra-Jimmy Slattery bout?

A.—Slattery on present form.

Ray Peterson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Did Tommy Gibbons fight Tiger Flowers?

A.—Never met in ring.

Q.—Who would win a Tunney-Loughran fight?

A.—Tunney.

Q.—Sekyra-Lomski?

A.—Lomski.

John Wilson, Nelson, B. C., Canada

Q.—What is Dempsey's real name?

A.—William Harrison Dempsey.

Q.—Are you allowed to hit with your elbows when fighting?

A.—Decidedly not.

A Faithful Reader, Port Jefferson L. I.,

Q.—Who is the broader? Dempsey or Tunney?

A.—Equal in breadth.

Q.—What were Eugene Sandow's measurements?

A.—5 ft. 10 in., 190 lbs.

Q.—What are Tunney's and Dempsey's measurements?

A.—Tunney, 6 ft. 190 lbs.; Dempsey, 6 ft., 1½ in., 194 lbs.

A Reader, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I am 14 years old, 5 ft., 2 inches. How much will I weigh and what class will I be in at full growth?

A.—Should weigh 160, and stand 5 ft, 9 inches. Middleweight class.

Q.—When should I start boxing as an amateur?

A.—Start light boxing now, short contests at 16. Get "Training for Boxers," from RING. Price $1. Also get Nat Fleischer's latest book on "How to Box." In my opinion it is the greatest and best book of its kind ever written. The cost will be $1.

Bill Jordan, Wilmington, N. C.

Q.—I am 17 years old, 168 lbs., 5 ft. 11 inches, what will my height and weight be at full growth?

A.—Should weigh 200 lbs., stand 6 ft. 2 inches.

Joseph Ramirez, Woodcliff, N. J.

Q.—Could Firpo whip Wills if they were both in good condition? 2.—Willard-Weinert? 3.—Miske-Brennan?

A.—Yes. 2.—Willard. 3.—Brennan.

A Fight Fan, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—Was Marvin Hart heavyweight champion of the world?

A.—Never. When Jeff retired in 1905, he tried to make a present of the title to Hart. Under a shower of ridicule Jeff pulled back the gift. A retiring champion has no right to "give" title to anyone.

Q.—Where is the Kentucky Rosebud and what is he doing?

A.—In Philadelphia doing the best he can.

Q.—Is there a magazine about wrestling?

A.—The RING has several fine books on Wrestling. See advertisements on inside cover of The RING.

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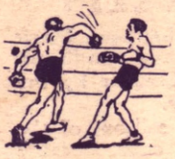

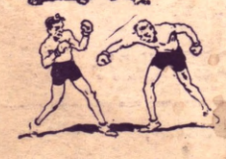

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